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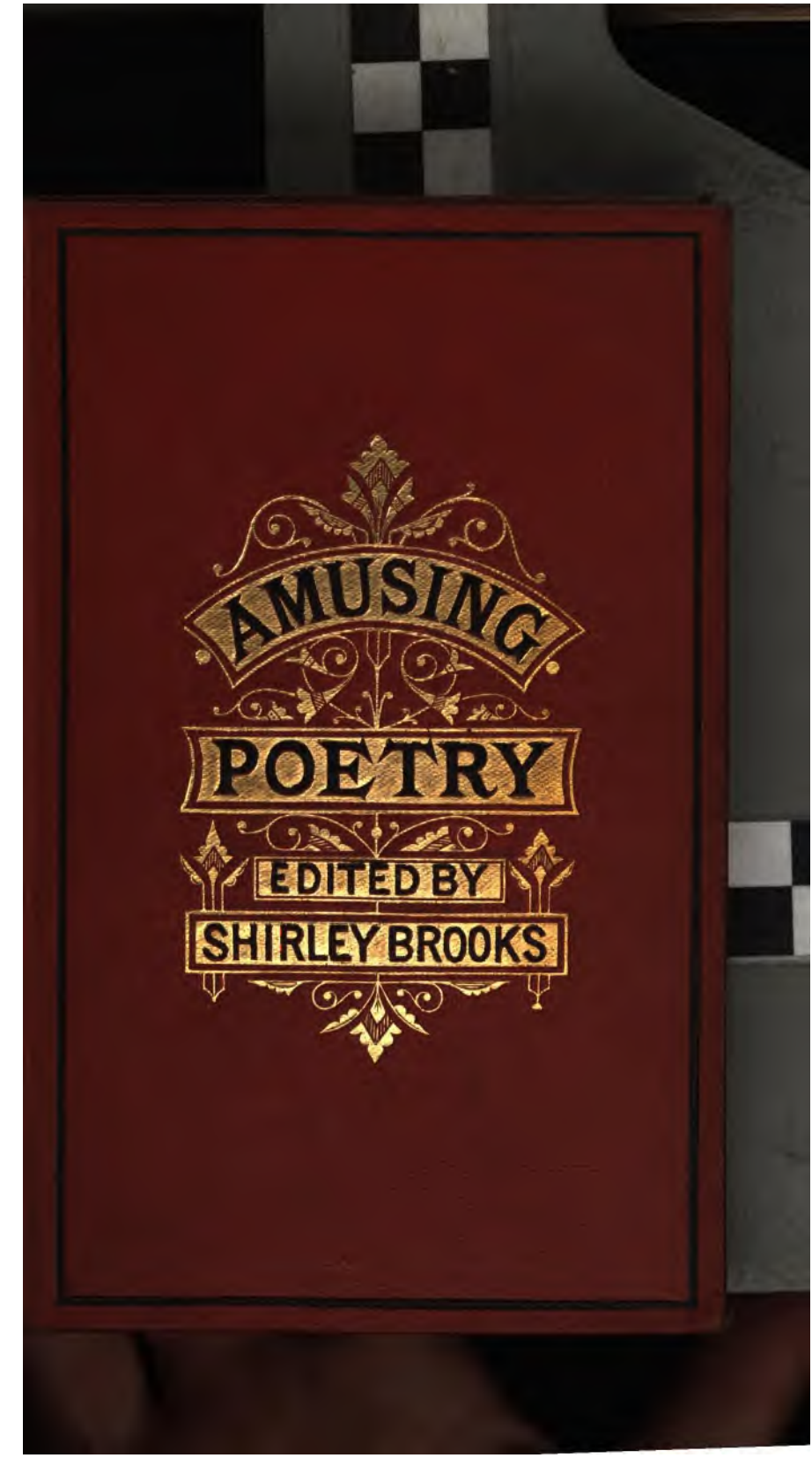
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AMUSING
POETRY
EDITED BY
SHIRLEY BROOKS


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AMUSING POETRY:

A Selection.

EDITED, WITH A PREFACE,

By SHIRLEY BROOKS.



BIBLIOTHECA·REGIA·BRUXELLENSIS

A NEW EDITION.

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Editor's Preface.

CONSULE PLANCO, that is to say in days when criticism too often meant savage hostility, and it was held but milksop censure that contented itself with showing that an author had written a bad book, or a politician had made a bad speech, and did not infer that this author or politician was a bad father, son, husband, friend, trustee, and Christian—in these days a certain journalist had the misfortune to write a paragraph which excited the wrath of a certain officer. I do not recollect whether the article was excusable or not. In our time such a thing would be unpardonable, because, as we all know, no officer ever makes a blunder of any kind. But it is just possible that the censor in question may have pointed out a real error on the part of the soldier. Be this as it may, the latter waxed furious, and proceeded to the office of the journal, with the view of refuting argument by whipcord. The writer, however, had received a hint that this logical process was to be performed at the expense of his personal comfort, and had provided for the reception of his enemy. The military gentleman strode into the office, demanded to see the Editor, was instantly shown into the editorial room, and introduced to the occupant of the editorial chair. This *locum tenens* was a large

and powerful man, with very short hair, and a countenance which had been recently described (in a graphic account of a great prize-fight at Moulsey Hurst, in which he had been the victor) as evincing "bull-dog courage and adamantine endurance." The officer, a judge of physiognomy, and not altogether gratified with the specimen before him, said, in somewhat gentler tones than those he had employed downstairs, "I wished to see the—the Editor of the paper." The gentleman of the bull-dog and adamantine character heaved up his giant bulk, and advancing towards his visitor, mildly remarked, "I am the Heditor, sir, at your service." "Oh, ah, yes; just so. Well, I'll look in again. Another morning will do—another time," said the officer, retreating with some little expedition. "Wenhever you please, sir," replied the adamantine one, not to be outdone in politeness, "I'm halways ere," and the interview ended.

I think it is Perrault who talks of certain illustrations being "comparisons with a long tail." This one may be of the number; for though I have been placed in the editorial chair, in relation to the little book now in my reader's hand, I do not conceive that it requires any defence—indeed, the book seems to me to be a very excellent little book. And so far from wishing to drive any body away, I would, on the contrary, invite as many persons as place the slightest value upon any recommendation of mine, to come and lend their best assistance towards the entire removal of the present Edition from Piccadilly. Our comparison, therefore, has a Perraultian tail, but *it has, notwithstanding*, some fitness for its purpose.

A certain critic has well said that a collection of poetry must in some sort be a reflex of the mind of the Editor. The case of this volume is exceptional. Instead of reflecting a single mind, it resembles one of those pretty, many-faced little mirrors, which, as Trifles from Brighton or Remembrances from Margate, used to be exceeding popular among youth of seven years old, about—a good many—years ago, and which have happily given place to more intellectual toys, as models of the pliocene and pleistocene fossil mammals, and other engines of torment from the Gradgrind *répertoire*. This collection reflects the minds of a considerable number of suggestive and co-operative friends, who, in all zeal and sincerity for the promotion of the object of the work, kindly furnished the titles (and in many cases copies) of such poetical compositions as they had liked in other days, or had learned to like in these, and nearly the only task which devolved upon the Editor was that of meeting the liberality of his assistants by ungracious, but still eminently practical, protests against the aggregation of more matter than would have sufficed for a work six times as large as the present volume. It will be seen, therefore, that he has not had much more to do with the compilation than the adamantine *remplaçant* of the offending journalist had to do with the newspaper in the time of Plancus.

The object of the volume is to offer (chiefly, but by no means entirely, for the use of young persons) a selection of compositions, some of them poems, others merely versification, which should afford harmless and indeed salutary intellectual excitement, but *with a tolerably* complete subordination of the didactic

element, usually much too rampant in collections of poetry to leave it as attractive as it ought to be found by the young. With this idea in mind, I fear that my assistants have sent me but few copies of the extremely meritorious pieces which "they committed to memory" —magisterial notion—and "recited," as penance for a school-child's crime, or purchase of a sponsor's half-guinea. I am afraid our little book is a good deal made up of verses they learned "without ever being told to"—of passages of works brought privately to school, read furtively in the dormitory, in a state of night-gown, or in secret nooks, on half-holidays, and never recited at all, but shouted out, acted, chanted, quoted, parodied, and affectionately maltreated in every way. A great deal of the poetry is assuredly of this kind, and (reverting for a moment to my original character of the fighting-man) I should like to know which has given the child more delight, and done the man more good—the extremely meritorious didactic piece which inculcates virtue and morality, and which was learned as a troublesome task, or the glowing bits from Sir Walter Scott's poems, in which half the virtues and morals are put into action, but which do not contain a single didactic word, and which, moreover, were never "learned" at all, but which, out of hours, the boy devoured with a reddened face and a quickened pulse, never forgot, and perhaps repeats to this hour, (to the amusement of the policeman,) as he strides home from the House of Commons? Without pausing for a reply, and relapsing, with speed, into one's habitual meekness, I humbly record my *conviction that the* poetry which an instructed and

high-minded boy chooses for his own delight and solace is the poetry which we should put into books for our children.

Touching the more modern part of this collection, the same rule of course could but scantily apply. Our contributors seem to have exercised a good discretion, and among the lighter verses are some which have made their mark in literature. Taken as a whole, I trust that the book will be generally acceptable, as bringing together a number of compositions with which every one would like his children to be acquainted, and to which in many cases reference has not been very easy. I am sure that a certain *maxima reverentia*, happily an instinct in Christian England, has never for one second been forgotten in revising the pages, and that no admiration of mere wit has permitted a line to be included over which a parent could pause, doubtfully, in looking through the collection.

The character of the volume has necessitated some slight abridgments, a remark chiefly applicable to the old ballads included in the collection, but this has always been done reluctantly, and, I think, with every care not to obliterate merits and beauties.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

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AMUSING POETRY.

Christmas.

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG AND THE WISE.

CHRISTMAS comes! He comes, he comes,
Usher'd with a rain of plums;
Hollies in the windows greet him;
Schools come driving post to meet him,
Gifts precede him, bills proclaim him,
Every mouth delights to name him;
Wet, and cold, and wind, and dark
Make him but the warmer mark;
And yet he comes not one embodied,
Universal's the blithe godhead,
And in every festal house
Presence hath ubiquitous.
Curtains, those snug room-enfolders,
Hang upon his million shoulders;
And he has a million eyes
Of fire, and eats a million pies,
And is very merry and wise;
Very wise and very merry,
And loves a kiss beneath the berry.

Then full many a shape hath he,
All in said ubiquity:

Now is he a green array,
And now an "eve" and now a "day;"
Now he's town gone *out* of town,
And now a feast in civic gown,
And now the pantomime and clown
With a crack upon the crown
And all sorts of tumbles down;
And then he's music in the night,
And the money gotten by't;
He's a man that can't write verses,
Bringing some to ope your purses;
He's a turkey, he's a goose,
He's oranges unfit for use,
He's a kiss that loves to grow
Underneath the mistletoe,
And he's forfeits, cards, and wassails,
And a king and queen with vassals,
All the "quizzes" of the time
Drawn and quarter'd with a rhyme;
And then for their revival's sake,
Lo! he's an enormous cake,
With a sugar on the top
Seen before in many a shop,
Where the boys could gaze for ever,
They think the cake so very clever.
He's a dinner where you see
Every body's family;
Beef and pudding, and mince-pies,
And little boys with laughing eyes,
Whom their seniors ask arch questions,
Feigning fears of indigestions,
(As if they, forsooth, the old ones
Hadn't privately tenfold ones!)

He's a dinner, and a fire,
Heap'd beyond your heart's desire,
Heap'd with logs, and baked with coals,
Till it roasts your very souls,
And your cheek the fire outstares,
And you all push back your chairs,
And the mirth becomes too great,
And you all sit up too late,
Nodding all with too much head,
And so go off to too much bed.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Two Bracelets.

A FARMER-GENERAL, one Monsieur B——,
Who dwelt in France, when Louis held the throne,
Lived like a prince, from every trouble free,
Except a wife,—(the exception's large I own,)—
For she was fat as any marchioness,
And given to extravagance in dress.

One day she bought a pair of bracelets,—such
As few but royal damsels would bespeak.
They cost—I cannot recollect how much—
But they were quite magnificent, unique;
And having clasp'd them on, away she flies
Off to the opera to show her prize.

It happen'd that the queen was there that night,
Just opposite the box that madam took,
And on the bracelets with intense delight
Frequently look'd, or else appear'd to look;
For she took special care to have them seen,
As if on purpose to outvie the queen.

Soon to the box-door came a page attired
In the queen's proper livery, all in style,
And in the name of majesty required
One of the bracelets for a little while,
That by her eye she might the pattern take,
And order some of the exact same make.

Off went the sparkling bauble in a trice,
While her rouged cheeks with exultation burn,
As, bowing to the royal party thrice,
She patiently expected its return;
But when the queen retired, and none was sent,
Our dame began to wonder what it meant.

A lord in waiting soon confirm'd her fears.
"Oh! that pretended page I've often seen,—
A noted sharper,—has been such for years.
Madam, you're robb'd,—he came not from the queen.
I know the rogue, and should have had him taken,
But that he slipp'd away, and saved his bacon."

Boiling with anger, madam call'd her coach,
And drove to the Bureau de la Justice,
Where, with loud tongue, and many a keen reproach
About the shameful state of the police,
She call'd upon the provost for relief,
And bade him send his men to catch the thief.

Early next morn she heard the knocker's din,
Her heart beat high, with expectation big,
When, lo! the provost's clerk was usher'd in—
A formal, consequential little prig,—
Who, with a mighty magisterial air,
Hemm'd, and began his business to declare.

"Madam, a man is brought to our bureau,
On whom was found a bracelet of great cost,
And we are all anxiety to know
Whether or not it is the one you lost;
Wherefore I'll take the other, if you please,
Just to compare, and see if it agrees."

"Dear sir, I'm overjoy'd,—'tis mine, I'm sure,
Such a police as ours how few can boast!
Here, take the bracelet; keep the rogue secure,
I'll follow you in half an hour at most.
Ten thousand thanks!—I hope you'll trounce the spark.
Open the door there for the provost's clerk."

Arrived at the bureau, her joy finds vent:
"Well, Mr. Provost, where's the guilty knave?
The other bracelet by your clerk I sent,
Doubtless it matches with the one you have;
Why, then, outstretch your mouth with such surprise,
And goggle on me thus with all your eyes?"

"La! bless me, ma'am! you're finely hoax'd, good lack;
I sent no clerk, no thief have we found out:
And the important little prig in black
Was the accomplice of the page, no doubt;—
Methinks the rascals might have left you one;
But both your bracelets now are fairly gone!"

ANON.

The Little Seaman.

In her lofty bower a virgin sat
On skins, embroidering gold,
When there came a little seaman by,
And would the maid behold.—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee!
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And surely thou canst stake thy jacket,
Canst stake thy jacket gray;
While there against myself will stake
My own fair gold rings twae."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

So then the first gold die, I wot,
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
And the pretty maiden won.—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Thou surely this old hat canst stake,
Canst stake thy hat so gray;
And I will stake my bright gold crown,—
Come, take it, if ye may."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

And so the second die of gold
On table-board did run;
And the little seaman lost his stake,
While the pretty maiden won.—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And hear now, little seaman,
Hear what I say to thee:
An' hast thou any mind this hour
To play gold dice with me?"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"But how and can I play now
The golden dice with thee?
For no red shining gold I have
That I can stake 'gainst thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Then stake each of thy stockings,
And each silver-buckled shoe;
And I will stake mine honour,
And eke my troth thereto."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"And so the third gold die, I wot,
On the table-board did run;
And the pretty maiden lost her stake,
While the little seaman won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Come, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And a ship that stems the briny flood,
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away

"A ship that stems the briny flood
I'll get if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Come, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And a shirt so fine with seams of silk,
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"A shirt so fine, with seams of silk,
I'll get, if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won!"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"Nay, hear now, little seaman!
Haste far away from me;
And the half of this my kingdom
I that will give to thee."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"The half of this thy kingdom
I'll get, if 't can be done;
But that young virgin have I will,
Whom with gold dice I won."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

And the virgin in her chamber goes,
And parts her flowing hair:
"Ah me! poor maid, I soon, alas!
The marriage-crown must bear."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

The seaman treads the floor along,
And with his sword he played,
"As good a match as e'er thou'rt worth
Thou gettest, little maid!"—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

"For I, God wot, no seaman am,
Although ye thinken so:
The best king's son I am, instead,
That in England can go."—
But with golden dice they played, they played away!

FROM THE SWEDISH.

The Legend of the Heart of Bruce.

When King Robert I. died he exacted a promise from Sir James Douglas to convey his heart to the Holy Land, where he had been on the point of going when death arrested him. The party had reached Sluys, on their way to Jerusalem, when Alonzo, King of Leon and Castile, at that time engaged in war with the Moorish governor of Granada, Osmyn, sent to demand the aid of Douglas; and by his oath as a knight, which forbade him ever to turn a deaf ear to a call in aid of the Church of Christ, he was forced to attend to the summons. He fought with his usual bravery, till the Moslems believed he bore a charmed life, as they saw him rush into the thickest of the fight, and escape unwounded. But the Christian ranks nevertheless began to give way; and to stem the flight the Douglas threw the casket containing the king's heart into the *mêlée*, and rushed after it, exclaiming, "Now pass onward as thou wert wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die!" The day after the battle, the body of Douglas and the casket were found by his surviving companions; and the squire of Douglas, finding it was impossible to convey it to Jerusalem, brought back the prince's heart to Scotland, and it was interred at Melrose.

A GALLEY seeks the port of Sluys,
And o'er the azure wave
Rode never bark more fair than she,
More royal, and more brave.
The white sails swelling to the breeze
Are mirror'd in those summer seas,
As ocean birds with snowy wing
O'er the blue deep their shadows fling,
And round the prow the dancing spray
Blushes to catch the sunny ray,
And melts in ambient air away.
High on the prow a warrior band
In trim array are seen to stand;
Banner and pennon, sword and spear,
And mace and battle-axe are there;

And crested helm, and armour bright,
Buckler and baldric richly dight.
They do not come with sword and lance,
To devastate the fields of France,—
Nor led by policy, resort
A mission to King Philip's[1] court:
They came not with rich merchandise,
To seek the crowded mart;
But pilgrims to Jerusalem,
They bore King Robert's heart.

And he who first in presence sate,
'Neath canopy in chair of state,
Was Douglas—he for whom so long
Woke the wild harp of Scottish song,
Whom still a fond tradition names
With benison, "The good Sir James—."
He was both bold and blithe of mood,
Of faith unstain'd, and lineage good,
Loyal of heart and free of hand
As any knight in Christian land;
Fair largess he to minstrels gave,
And loved the faithful and the brave.
Good son of holy Church was he,
And of unquestion'd piety;
So many graces did commend
The knight who was King Robert's friend

* * * * *

For as in gray Dunfermline's tower,
He stood beside the bed
Whereon, in life's departing hour,
Was good King Robert laid,

Whose failing breath and nerveless form
Bespoke him brother of the worm,
While visions of the days gone by
Flitted before his glazing eye,
And the old monarch's failing breath
Spoke of the fast approach of death—
Awe-struck, he kiss'd the feeble hand
That once had fought for fair Scotland,
And pledged his knightly word,
That he the Bruce's heart would bear,
With reverence due and chanted prayer,
Unto the Holy Sepulchre
Of our most blessed Lord.

* * * * *

"He prays you by your knighthood's oath,
And by the cross you wear,
And by your master's dying 'hest,
And by your lady fair:—
He prays you by your courtesy,
To lend his cause your blade—
Flower of the Scottish chivalry,
Come to the cross's aid!"

Out spake the gentle Douglas then:
"I may not by my vow,
Thus summon'd to the cross's aid, the holy strife forego.
But oh! thou distant Solyma, long space it must be, ere
A pilgrim, I shall bend my knee beside the sepulchre.
Oh! that I first might seek the land of my dear Saviour's birth,
And lay my honour'd master's heart in Syria's holy earth,

And lave, by Jordan's sainted stream, my
care-worn, furrow'd brow,
Ere sword again I draw. Enough! I may
not—for my vow!"

* * * * *

On rush'd the Douglas—never knight
More valiant sought the field of fight;
Amidst the fray his snowy crest
Danced like the foam on ocean's breast,
Like levin brand his broadsword flash'd,
And foemen bent, and targets crash'd.
With stalwart arm and giant form
He charged like spirit of the storm;
And—as upon the mountain side,
So late the trackless forest's pride,
Uprooted by the wintry blast,
The prostrate sapling oaks are cast—
Lo, where he spread his dread career,
Bent Moslem crest and Moslem spear;
While ever, 'midst the *mêlée*, high
And clear peal'd forth his battle cry.

They err'd not—they err'd not, a spell of power
Nerved the arm of the Douglas that fatal hour:
For lo! to his faithful bosom press'd
In its jewell'd casket of orient gold,
The heart that once throbb'd in the Bruce's
breast
Was borne into fight by that baron bold.
Marvel ye, then, that his arm was strong?
That he humbled the pride of the Paynim throng?
That where'er he turn'd, from his dreaded track
The swarth sons of Afric, dismay'd, drew back?

E'en as the wild waves flow back from the rock,
When it spurns back their might and derides their shock.

" Pass on, brave heart, as thou wert wont,
Th' embattled hosts before:
Douglas will die, or follow thee
To conquest, as of yore!"
They met, they closed, dread was the strife,
More dear the gage than fame or life:
There foot to foot and hand to hand,
They stood opposed, and brand cross'd brand.

And mace and bickering falchion there
Mingled with scimitar and spear.
Steel rang on steel—the war-steeds' tread
Trampled the dying and the dead,
The lurid clouds of dust on high
Rose eddying to the darken'd sky,
The vulture snuff'd the scent of blood,
And screaming roused her loathsome brood.
But the pale crescent waned—the host
Of Osmyn saw the battle lost;
And loth to fly, but forced to yield,
Abandon'd sullenly the field.

Where was the Douglas? on the plain
They found him midst the heap of slain:
Faithful in death, his good right hand
Held with firm grasp his broken brand,
While, o'er the sacred casket laid,
A bulwark of his corse he made.

And deem ye not, while ever there
To highest heaven rose ceaseless prayer,
For Scotland's worth, and Scotland's weal,
For truth to guide, for peace to heal,
For light to choose the better part,
For grace to sain her every smart,
For freedom and for equal laws,
For men to strive for freedom's cause
And guard the land he loved the best,
The spirit of the prince was blest?
Oh! doubt it not—if it be given
By mercy of indulgent heaven
To parted spirits, from above
To hover round the land they love,
That bending from a higher sphere
The prince's spirit linger'd near,
Still in the holy anthem blending,
Scotland to heaven's great Lord commending.

* * * * *

The fane[1] is fallen—the rite is o'er—
The choral anthem peals no more,
The moonbeam strays thro' nave and aisle,
And the verdant ivy clings round the pile.
It recks not—like dew 'neath the sunny ray,
The hallow'd fabric may pass away:
It recks not—for deep in the patriot's breast
The names of his country's heroes rest,
And a thrill of pride it will aye impart,
That Scottish earth wraps the prince's heart.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

[1] Melrose.

Desire and Possession.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, Possession and Desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing,
So disappointed when possessing!
A moralist, profoundly sage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale.
Possession, and Desire his brother,
But still at variance with each other,
Were seen contending in a race,
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong;
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about.
Seduced by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right,
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.
Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew,
Till entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again,
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,

In hope to spring some nobler game,
But all he took was just the same.
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strew'd;
But overcharged and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
Desire had now the goal in sight,
It was a tower of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell:
Desire in rapture gazed awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile,
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down:
He tumbled in the gulf profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
Possession's load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight,
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl and kite
At once upon his carcase light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

SWIFT.

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A MAN in many a country town we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle,
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother;
So (many a suff'ring patient saith),
Tho' the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle upon Tyne,
His fame full six miles round the country ran,
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women call'd him "a fine man,"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in trade
(Which oftentimes will genius fetter),
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd,
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry, tho' patron-god,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets like Gay's fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing—not a crime;—
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In pharmacy that's call'd cathartical;
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough and terse:

> "*When taken,*
> *To be well shaken.*"

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes—
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful rap;

The servant let him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster:
John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
As if th' apothecary had physick'd him,
And not his master.
"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said,—
John shook his head:
"Indeed!—hum; ha!—that's very odd.
He took the draught!"—John gave a nod.
"Well now! what then?—speak out, you dunce."
"Why then," says John, "we shook him once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out,
"We jolted him about."

"What! shake a patient, man! a shake won't do."
"No, sir; and so we gave him *two*."
"Two shakes! odds curse!
'Twould make the patient worse!"
"It did so, sir; and so a third we tried."
"Well! what then?"—"Then sir, my master died."

COLMAN.

Count Eberhard.

Two Counts with Franz to dine have come—
And when the feast was done,
All push'd the wine and talk'd of home,
And each one praised his own.

The Margrave talk'd of healthful springs,
Another praised his vines;
Bohemia spoke of precious things
In many darksome mines.

Count Everhard sat silent there,
"Now, Würtemberg, begin!
There must be something good and fair,
Your pleasant country in."

"In healthful springs and purple wine,"
Count Everhard replied;
"In costly gems, and gold to shine,
I cannot match your pride.

"But you shall hear a simple tale.
One night I lost my way,
Within a wood along a vale,
And down to sleep I lay.

"And there I dream'd that I was dead,
And funeral lamps were shining
With solemn lustre round my head,
Within a vault reclining.

"And men and women stood beside
My cold sepulchral bed;
And shedding many tears they cried,
'Count Everhard is dead.'

"A tear upon my face fell down,
And waking with a start,
I found my head was resting on
A Würtembergian heart!

"A woodman 'mid the forest-shade
Had found me in my rest,
Had lifted up my head and laid
It softly on his breast!"

The princes sat and wondering heard,
Then said as closed the story,
"Long live the good Count Everhard,
His people's love and glory!"

ZIMMERMANN.

The Song of the Brave Man.

The brave man's praise in song is told,
Like bell or organ's echoing tone;
When bravery is the theme, not gold,
But song rewards—nor song alone:
Thank God, who prompts the brave man's deed,
And crowns him with his heavenly meed.

The spring-gale swept the southern sea,
And moist o'er fair Italia pass'd:
As from the wolf the cattle flee,
So fled the clouds before the blast.
It pierced the wood, it scour'd the field;
And floods long bound before it yield.

On mountain summits melts the snow,
And countless cataracts resound;
An ocean whelms the vales below,
The gathering stream o'erleaps the mound;
High dash the waves on every side,
And fearful icebergs choke the tide.

On arch and pillar rear'd, and made
Of solid stone, above the flood
A bridge across the stream was laid,
And midway rose a small abode;
Here lived a tollman, child, and wife:
O tollman, tollman, fly for life!

The tempest now more fiercely rang;
Near and more near its tumult howl'd.
Upon his roof the tollman sprang,
And gazed upon it as it scowl'd:
O gracious God, have pity now!—
Who, who can hear and save but Thou?

The icebergs meet, and wildly wash
From either shore, now here, now there;
On every side the waters dash,
And down both arch and pillar tear.
The trembling tollman, child, and wife,
Shriek'd louder than the tempest's strife.

The icebergs thunder'd, fall on fall,
In uproar wild along the shore;
They burst the bridge's shatter'd wall,
Pillar by pillar down they bore:
The havoc onward made its way—
"Have mercy, heaven!" they louder pray.

Aloft, upon the further brink,
A crowd stands gazing, great and small;
They scream, and wring their hands, but shrink
To risk the rescue: one and all.
The trembling tollman, child, and wife,
Above the tempest shriek'd for life.

Where should resound the brave man's fame,
Louder than bell or organ's tone?
In noblest song we'll give his name,
And place it there, aloft, alone.
Destruction is within a span—
Come to the rescue, thou brave man!

A count of noble race and worth,
Up gallops on his courser bold:
What in his hand is proffer'd forth?
A purse brimful of dazzling gold:
Two hundred pieces are his prize,
Who now to help the wretched flies!

Where's the brave man will strive to save?
Is it the count, my song?—O no!
Although the generous count is brave,
A braver on this task must go:
Come forth, brave man, advance with speed,
Impending ruin speaks thy need.

Higher and higher swells the flood,
Louder and louder roars the wind,
Colder and chiller grows the blood:
Oh, where shall we a saviour find?
Pillar on pillar, arch and wall,
In quick succession crash and fall.

Halloo! halloo! oh, who will fly?
The count the tempting prize uprears;
They hear, they shudder, and they sigh;
But among thousands none appears.
In vain the tollman, child, and wife,
Above the tempest shriek for life.

But see! a humble peasant now
Starts forth, the noble deed to dare:
Noble and lofty is his brow,
Although his garb is coarse and bare;
He heard the boon proclaim'd anew,
And saw how near destruction drew.

And boldly in the name of God
He leapt into a fishing-bark,
And o'er the waves triumphant rode
Through whirlpool, storm, and billow dark;
But, ah! the boat is far too small
At once to bear, and save them all.

But thrice through gulfs he toil'd along,
That might the stoutest heart appal;
And thrice with manly sinews strong,
Row'd happily to save them all;
And scarcely were they safe and well,
When the last tottering ruin fell.

Who is the brave man?—who is he?
Say on my song, his name unfold;
And did he risk his life to be
The master of that glittering gold?
Had the proud count ne'er show'd the boon,
Would he have risk'd his life as soon?

"Here!" cried the count, "bold-hearted friend,
Receive the prize now thine to share;
And nobly earn'd!" But list the end—
The count a lofty soul might bear,
But higher feelings swell'd the breast
Of the brave man, so meanly dress.

"My life," he said, "shall ne'er be sold
For sordid pelf;—content, though poor;
But to the tollman give your gold:
His all is lost, his lot is sore."
Thus firmly spoke he, inly cheer'd,
Then turn'd his back, and disappear'd.

The brave man's praise in song is told,
Like bell or organ's echoing tone;
When bravery is the theme, not gold,
But song rewards—nor song alone:
Thank God, who prompts the brave man's deed,
And crowns him with his heavenly meed!

BÜRGER.

Parr's Life Pills.

'Twas in the town of Lubeck,
A hundred years ago,
An old man walk'd into the church,
With beard as white as snow;
Yet were his cheeks not wrinkled,
Nor dim his eagle eye;
There's many a knight that steps the street
Might wonder, should he chance to meet
That man erect and high.

When silenced was the organ,
And hush'd the vespers loud,
The sacristan approach'd the sire,
And drew him from the crowd:

"There's something in thy visage,
On which I dare not look,
And when I rang the passing bell,
A tremor that I may not tell
My very vitals shook.

"Who art thou, awful stranger?
Our ancient annals say,
That twice two hundred years ago
Another pass'd this way,
Like thee in face and feature;
And, if the tale be true,
'Tis writ that in this very year
Again the stranger shall appear:
Art thou the Wandering Jew?"

"The Wandering Jew, thou dotard!"
The wondrous phantom cried;
"'Tis several centuries ago
Since that poor stripling died;
He would not use my nostrums,
See, shaveling, here they are!
These put to flight all human ills,
These conquer death,—unfailing pills;
And I'm the inventor, Parr!"

POEMS OF BON GAULTIER.

The Village Stile

The village stile—and has it gone,
Supplanted by this niche of stone,
  So formal and so new?
And worse, still worse, the elder bush,
Where sang the linnet and the thrush,
  Say, has that vanish'd too?

Dear, ancient friend! it was to me,
So needful to the scenery,
  I could have better spared
A better *thing*;—but be it so;
Change meets us wheresoe'er we go—
  It fares as all have fared.

Old chronicler! to me it spoke
Like oracle from ancient oak,
  Save only that its tone
(Unskill'd the future to forecast)
Upon the present or the past
  Dwelt ever and anon.

'Twas throng'd with memories of old—
Yea, many a scene it could unfold
  To truth and fancy dear:
For not the thorn upon the green
More frequent confidant had been,
  To tales they love to hear.

Age sat upon't when tired of straying,
And children that had been a maying,
There twined their garlands gay:
What tender partings, blissful meetings,
What faint denials, fond entreatings,
It witness'd in its day!

The milkmaid on its friendly rail
Would ofttimes rest her brimful pail,
And lingering there awhile,
Some lucky chance (that tell-tale cheek
Doth something more than chance bespeak)
Brings Lubin to the stile.

But what he said, or she replied,
Whether he ask'd her for his bride,
And she, so sought, was won—
There is no chronicler to tell;
For silent is the oracle—
The village stile is gone.

The Glove.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with *one for* whom he sigh'd.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

The lions and the tigers roar'd with horrid laughing
jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a
wind went with their paws:
With wallowing might and stifled roar they roll'd
on one another,
'Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a
thund'rous smother.
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking
through the air:
Saith Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

De Loye's love overheard the king, a beauteous,
lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which
always seem'd the same;
She thought,—The count, my love, is brave as
brave can be;
He surely would do wond'rous things to show his
love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is
divine,
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory
will be mine.

She dropp'd the glove, to prove his love, she look'd
at him, and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions
wild.

The leap was quick, return was quick; he has regain'd his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"Well done," said Francis, "rightly done," and he rose from where he sat;
"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, set love a task like that."

LEIGH HUNT, (AFTER SCHILLER.)

The Well of St. Keyne.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail:
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the Angel summon'd her
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heav'n help the husband then!"—
The stranger stoopt to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
I left my wife in the porch;
But i'faith she had been wiser than I,
For she took a bottle to church."

SOUTHEY.

The Well of Wisdom.

In Suabia there stood of old a town of honest fame,
A sparkling fountain in the midst had gain'd a wondrous name;
For in its waters lay a power to make the foolish wise:
The Well of Wisdom it was call'd, a rare and welcome prize.
Free access to that stream was had by all within the town;
No matter what their thirst might be, uncheck'd they drank it down:
But strangers, ere they dared to taste, must first permission gain
Of the mayor and his councillors, of such an honour vain.

A horseman once pass'd through the town, and
saw that fountain play,
And stopp'd to let his thirsty steed drink of it by
the way.
Meanwhile the rider gazed around on many a
structure fair;—
Turret and spire of olden times that pierced the
quiet air.
Such boldness soon attracted round the gaze of
passers by—
The mayor ran in his robes of state, so quick was
rumour's cry,
That man and horse were at the well, the latter
drinking down
The precious gifts of Wisdom's Well, unsanction'd
by the town.
How swell'd the mayor's wrath! how loud his
tones, as thus he spoke,—
"What's this I see? Who's this that hath our civic
mandate broke?
What wickedness mine eyes behold! what wisdom
wasted so
Upon a brute! as punishment, from this you shall
not go,
But stop a prisoner until our council's mind we
hear."
The rider stared; but, wiser grown, his steed
prick'd up his ear,
And, turning round, he left the town more quickly
than he came,
While watch and ward were gone to guard his exit
from the same.

Forgetting what the horse had drunk, they all had
gone in state,
To keep their prisoner secure, by guarding the
wrong gate.
Henceforward 'twas a law declared by solemn wig
and gown,
No rider with a thirsty horse should e'er pass
through the town.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The Muffin-man.

A LITTLE man, who muffins sold
When I was little too,
Carried a face of giant mould,
But tall he never grew.

His arms were legs for length and size,
His coat-tail touch'd his heels;
His brows were forests o'er his eyes,
His voice like waggon-wheels.

When fallen leaves together flock,
And gusts begin to squall,
And suns go down at six o'clock,
You heard his muffin-call.

Borne in the equinoctial blast,
He came and shook his bell;
And with the equinox he pass'd,
But whither none could tell.

Some thought the monster turn'd to dew
When muffins ceased to reign,
And lay in buds the summer through,
Till muffin-time again;

Or satyr, used the woods to rove,
Or even old Caliban,
Drawn by the lure of oven-stove
To be a muffin-man.

The dwarf was not a churlish elf,
Who thought folk stared to scoff;
But used deformity itself
To set his muffins off.

He stood at doors, and talk'd with cooks,
While strangers took his span,
And grimly smiled at childhood's looks
On him, the muffin-man.

When others fled from nipping frost,
And hid from drenching skies,
And when in fogs the street was lost,
You saw his figure rise.

One night his tinkle did not sound,
He fail'd each 'custom'd door;
'Twas first of an eternal round,
Of nights he walk'd no more.

When, borne in arms, my infant eye
Its restless search began;
The nursery-maid was wont to cry,
"See, John the muffin-man!"

My path with things familiar spread
Death's foot had seldom cross'd,
And when they said that John was dead,
I stood in wonder lost.

New muffin-men, from lamp to lamp,
With careless gaze I scan;
For none can e'er erase thy stamp,
Oh, John, thou muffin-man!

Thou standest, snatch'd from time and storm,
A statue of the soul;
And round thy carved and goblin form
Past days—past days unroll!

We will not part,—affection dim
This song shall help to fan,
And memory firmer bound to him
Shall keep her muffin-man.

Little Roland.

In her cavern of rock Dame Bertha stay'd,
And wail'd her bitter lot;
In open air young Roland play'd—
Small wail made he I wot.

"O Charles! my brother true and great
Why fled I thus from thee?
For love I left renown and state,
Now frown'st thou sore on me.

"O Milon! consort dear and kind!
The flood thy life hath reft!
For love I left all wealth behind—
Now love too me hath left.

"Come hither, come hither, my little Roland,
Both love and honour now;
Come hither in haste, my little Roland,
For solace is none but thou.

"Young Roland! to the city go,
And beg a morsel of bread;
And he who shall but a crust bestow,
Crave blessings on his head."

In his golden hall, high festival
Kept Charles with his paladins bold;
Small rest was there for the serving-men,
With platter and dish of gold.

And loud harps rang, and minstrels sang,
And every heart wax'd gay;
But the sound reach'd not the dreary spot
Where lonesome Bertha lay.

And round about the outer court
Sat crowds of beggars free,
Who held the feasting braver sport
Than rede and minstrelsy.

The king he gazed the press along
Right through an open door,
When a gallant boy, through the thickest throng
Full manfully him bore.

His garb it was of fourfold hue,
And wondrous fair to see;
He tarried not by the beggar-crew,
Straight to the hall pass'd he.

Into the hall walk'd little Roland,
As 'twere his own abode:
On a golden dish he laid his hand,
And silent forth he strode.

"What may this mean?" our good king thought;
"It passes, by my fay!"
But since the deed he question'd not,
None else said Roland nay.

There did but pass a little space,
Ere back came Roland bold;
He sped to the king with hasty pace,
And seized his cup of gold.

"Now out and hold, thou urchin bold!"
Our good king loud did cry;
Young Roland still retain'd his hold,
And dared him with his eye.

The king frown'd awhile, but soon must he smile,
And mirthsome wax'd his mood:
"Thou tread'st as bold in our hall of gold
As in thy good green wood.

"Thou bearest a dish from a royal board
Like an apple from the tree;
Thou fetchest, as though from the streamlet's flow,
My wine so red to see."

"The peasant girl drinks of the running stream,
The apple she breaks from the tree;
But venison and lamprey my mother beseem,
And thy wine so red to see."

"Now an thy mother so noble be,
As thou dost boast, fair boy,
I ween a gallant train has she,
And a bower for state and joy.

"And who may be sewer to carve at her board,
And who may bear her cup?"
"My right hand is sewer to carve at her board,
My left hand bears her cup."

"And pr'ythee, who may her warders be?"
"My little eyen so blue;"—
"And who may be her minstrel free?"
"My mouth of the rosy hue."

"A goodly train hath thy fair ladye,
But her livery is strange, I trow;
With colours many, and bright to see,
Like the tints of the watery bow."

"In every quarter of the town,
Eight boys this arm o'erthrew,
And they brought to me, for liegeman's fee,
This coat of the fourfold hue."

"A gallant page hath thy dame I ween,
A better there could not be:
I trow she is some beggar-queen,
And open hall keeps she.

"Gramercy, 'twere shame so noble a dame
Far from our court should be;
So rise, three ladies! rise, three knights!
Lead in the dame to me."

Forth from the hall went little Roland,
And bore the golden prize.
At the royal word, three knights from the board,
And three bright ladies rise.

The king he tarried a little space,
Then down the hall gazed he,
And he saw return with speedy pace
His knights and his ladies three.

He fix'd his eye, and loud 'gan cry,
"Help, heaven, and saints of grace!
In my open court have I made a sport
Of my own imperial race!

Help, heaven! My sister Bertha, pale,
In weeds of a pilgrim gray!
Help, heaven! in this our royal hall,
In beggar's vile array."

Dame Bertha at his footstool fell,
That ladye meek and mild;
Still seem'd that feud his heart to swell,
He stared on her so wild.

Dame Bertha that look could scarcely brook,
No word to speak had she;
Young Roland raised his eyes and gazed,
And hail'd his uncle free.

Then spake the king in gentlest tone,
"Rise up, thou sister mine!
For this thy dear and gallant son,
Forgiveness shall be thine."

Dame Bertha rose, o'ercome with joy:
"Thanks, brother!" did she say;
"And this my good and loyal boy
Thy kindness shall repay.

"Shall, like his king, uprear his helm
In many a conquering field;
Shall bear the colours of many a realm
In pennon, and on shield.

"Shall tear from many a royal board
The gold, with a conqueror's hand;
Shall raise, to power and wealth restored
His drooping mother land!"

FROM "GERMAN BALLADS."

N.B. Madame Bertha, sister of the Emperor Charlemagne, having, contrary to the wish of her royal brother, married the Chevalier Milon, was obliged to quit the palace of her ancestors, and follow her husband. Misfortune overtook the unhappy pair. In fording a river the current carried Milon away, and he was drowned; and Bertha was left alone with her sorrows, and her little son Roland. Exiled and homeless, she took up her abode at last in a grotto, formed in a large rock, near Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Marriage Bells.

When folks with headstrong passion blind,
To play the fool make up their mind,
They're sure to come with phrases nice,
And modest air, for your advice;
But, as a truth unfailing make it,
They ask, but never mean to take it.
'Tis not advice they want, in fact,
But confirmation in their act:
Now mark what did in such a case
A worthy priest who knew the race.

A dame more buxom, blithe, and free,
Than Fredegonde you scarce would see;
So smart her dress, so trim her shape,
Ne'er hostess offering juice of grape
Could for her trade wish better sign;
Her looks gave flavour to the wine;
And each guest feels it, as he sips,
Smack of the ruby of her lips:
A smile for all, a welcome glad,
A jovial, coaxing way she had,
And,—what was more her fate than blame,
A nine months' widow was our dame.
But toil was hard, for trade was good,
And gallants sometimes will be rude,
"And what can a lone woman do?
The nights are long, and eerie too,
Now, Guillot,—there's a likely man,
None better draws, or taps a can;

He's just the man I think would suit,
If I could bring my courage to't."
With thoughts like these her mind is cross'd;
The dame, they say, who doubts is lost:
"But then the risk? I'll beg a slice
Of Father Rantin's good advice."

Prankt in her best, with looks demure,
She seeks the priest, and to be sure
Asks if he thinks she ought to wed.
"With such a business on my head
I'm worried off my legs with care,
And need some help to keep things square:
I've thought of Guillot, truth to tell;
He's steady, knows his business well.
What do you think?" When thus he met her
"Oh, take him, dear; you can't do better."
"But then the danger, my good pastor,
If of the man I make the master:
There is no trusting to these men."
"Well, well, my dear, don't have him then."
"But help I must have; there's the curse:
I may go farther, and fare worse."
"Why take him, then." "But if he should
Turn out a thankless ne'er-do-good;
In drink and riot waste my all,
And rout me out of house and hall."
"Don't have him, then. But I've a plan
To clear your doubts, if any can.
The bells a peal are ringing,—hark!
Go straight, and what they tell you, mark.
If they say 'Yes,' wed, and be blest;
If 'No,' why—do as you think best."

The bells rung out a triple bob;
Oh, how our widow's heart did throb,
As thus she heard their burden go!
"Marry, mar—marry, mar, mar—Guillot!"
The bells were not left to hang idle,
A week,—and they rang for her bridal;
But woe the while, they might as well
Have rung the poor dame's parting knell:
The rosy dimples left her cheek;
She lost her beauties plump and sleek,
For Guillot oftener kick'd than kiss'd,
And back'd his orders with his fist,
Proving by deeds, as well as words,
That servants make the worst of lords.

She seeks the priest, her ire to wreak,
And speaks as angry women speak,
With tiger looks, and bosom swelling,
Cursing the hour she took his telling.
To all, his calm reply was this:—
"I fear you've read the bells amiss;
If they have led you wrong in aught,
Your wish, not they, inspired the thought:
Just go, and mark well what they say."
Off trudged the dame upon her way,
And sure enough their chime went so,—
'Don't have that knave, that knave Guillot!"

"Too true!" she cried; "there's not a doubt:
What could my ears have been about?"
She had forgot, that as fools think,
The bell is ever sure to chink.

BON GAULTIER.

Alice Brand.

MERRY it is in the good green wood
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"Oh, Alice Brand! my native land
Is lost for love of you,
And we must hold by wood and wold
As outlaws wont to do.

"Oh, Alice! 'twas all for thy looks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd deer,
To keep the cold away."

"Oh, Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance,
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm we'll say is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing,
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody elfin king,
Who wonn'd within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen,
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our elfin queen,
Or who may dare on wold to wear,
The fairy's fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen'd man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For *mutter'd* word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the wither'd heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye,
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green wood,
Though the birds have still'd their singing,
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf
Before Lord Richard stands,
But as he cross'd and bless'd himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
That is made with bloody hands!"

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand—
That woman void of fear—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign—
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here."

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in fairy land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing.

" And gaily shines the fairy land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

" And fading like that various gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

" It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That I sank down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away,
To the joyless elfin bower.

" But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once, she cross'd him twice,
That lady was so brave,
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold,
He rose beneath her hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother Ethert Brand.

Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

SCOTT

Song of the Owl.

Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo! In my ancient hall,
In my old gray turret high,
Where the ivy waves o'er the crumbling wall,
A king—a king reign I!
Tu-whoo!
I wake the woods with my startling call
To the frighted passer-by.

The gadding vines in the chinks that grow,
Come clambering up to me;
And the newt, the bat, and the toad, I trow,
A right merry band are we.
Tu-whoo!
Oh, the coffin'd dead, in their cells below,
Have no goodlier company.

Let them joy in their brilliant sun-lit skies,
And their sun-set hues, who may;
But how softer far than the tints they prize
Is the dim of the twilight gray!
Tu-whoo!
Oh, a weary thing to an owlet's eyes
Is the garish light of day.

When the sweet dew sleeps on the winding pool,
Some tall tree-top I win;
And the toad leaps up on her throne-shaped stool,
And our revels loud begin.
Tu-whoo!
While the bull-frog croaks o'er his stagnant pool,
Or plunges sportive in.

As the last lone ray from the hamlet fades
In the dark and still profound,
The night-bird sings in the cloister shades,
And the glow-worm lights the ground.
Tu-whoo!
And fairies trip o'er the broad green glades
To the fire-flies circling round.

Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!—All the livelong night,
A right gladsome life lead we,
While the starry ones from their jewell'd height
Bend down approvingly.
Tu-whoo!
They may bask who will in the noonday light;
But the midnight dark for me!

MRS. HEWITT.

The Indian's Revenge.

AN OLD LEGEND.

Now had the autumn day gone by,
And evening's yellow shade
Had wrapt the mountains and the hills,
And lengthen'd o'er the glade.
The honey-bee had sought her hive,
The bird her shelter'd nest,
And in the hollow valley's gloom
Both wind and wave had rest.

And to a cotter's hut that eve
There came an Indian chief,
And in his frame was weariness,
And in his face was grief.
The feather o'er his head that danced
Was weather-soil'd and rent,
And broken were his bow and spear,
And all his arrows spent.

And meek and humble was his speech;
He knew the white man's hand
Was turn'd against those wasted tribes,
Long scourged from the land.
He pray'd but for a simple draught
Of water from the well,
And a poor morsel of the food
That from his table fell.

He said that his old frame had toil'd
A wide and weary way,
O'er the sunny lakes and savage hills,
And through the lakes that day;
Yet when he saw they scoff'd his words,
He turn'd away in woe,
And cursed them not, but only mourn'd
That they should shame him so.

When many years had flown away,
That herdsman of the hill
Went out into the wilderness,
The wolf and bear to kill,
To scatter the red deer, and slay
The panther in his lair,
And chase the rapid moose that ranged
The sunless forests there.

And soon his hounds lay dead with toil,
The deer were fierce and fleet,
And the prairie tigers kept aloof
When they heard his hostile feet;
No bread was in that desert place,
Nor crystal rivulet,
To slake the torment of his thirst,
Or his hot brow to wet.

He fear'd—he fear'd to die—yet knew
That nought on earth could save;
For none might catch his parting breath,
And lay him in his grave.

But lo! while life's dim taper still
Burn'd feebly in his breast,
A ministering angel came—
His hated Indian guest!

He shared his wheaten loaf with him,
His cup of water shared,
And bore the sick man unto those
For whom his heart most cared.
"I cursed thee not," the Indian said,
"When thou wast stern to me,
And I have had my vengeance now;
White man! farewell to thee!"

M'LELLAN.

Mary Stuart's Farewell.

ADIEU! sweet land of France, adieu!
All cherish'd joys gone by;
Scenes where my happy childhood grew,
To leave ye is to die.

Adopted country! whence I go
An exile o'er the sea,
Hear Mary's fond farewell, and, oh!
My France, remember me!
Winds rise; the ship is on her track:
Alas! my tears are vain:
There is no storm to bear me back
On thy dear shores again.
Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

When in my people's sight I wore
The lily's royal flower,
Ah! their applause was offered more
To beauty than to power:
Now gloomy Albyn's throne in vain
Awaits my slow advance;
I only would be queen, to reign
O'er the gay hearts of France.
Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

Love, glory, genius—ah! too dear,—
Have dazzled all my prime;
My fates shall change to cold and drear
In Scotland's ruder clime;
My heart, my heart, with sudden woe,
Seeks a vague omen's shock!
Sure in some ghastly dream I saw
A scaffold and a block.
Adieu, sweet land of France, &c.

Oh, France! in all her woes and fears,
The Stuarts' daughter, she,
As now she greets thee through her tears,
Shall ever turn to thee;
Alas! too swift my bark hath flown
Beneath these stranger skies:
Night, as her hurried veil comes down,
Conceals thee from my eyes.
Adieu! sweet land of France, &c.

W. DOWE, (AFTER BERANGER.)

Much Coin Much Care.

He who possesses much, has much to lose,
And that's a thing which tries the temper much;
More than a crying child, or scolding spouse.
He who invades the pocket, dares to touch
What few are willing other hands should use,
And therefore grasp it with an iron clutch;
And when against the will 'tis forced apart,
'Tis like phlebotomizing from the heart.

I—(that's the fancied bard who sings, not me)—
Am safe from all the agonies of loss,
From robber—debtor—borrowing friend—am free;
And therefore such can never make me cross.
The wind might join in conflict with the sea,
I have no argosies for storms to toss:
Earthquakes might wreck from Greenland to the line,
They would not bury house nor land of mine.

Money involves the world in tribulation,
Produces envy, hatred, theft, and strife,
Gives birth to half the laws that vex the nation;
It makes friends quarrel, severs man and wife:
Named every day and hour with execration,
Man's first—last trouble, and prime pest of life:
Nations and individuals war about it,
Because men fancy they can't do without it.

All things alarm the monied man—the wind
Raging at night appals his soul with fears;
He dreads, when morning comes, that he shall find
Barns or old houses blown about his ears:
If it be moonlight—then his anxious mind
Thinks of his tenants, reckons their arrears,
And deems that he shall find them gone next day,
And neither goods nor chattels left to pay.

A monarch's death,—the altering of a law,—
News from a friendly or a hostile state,—
The quarrels of two kings he never saw,—
Intelligence received too soon—too late,—
A royal stomach's gout,—a legal flaw,—
These are sufficient to affect his fate!
Chances and changes, barr'd from all assurance,
Threaten his peace and pocket past endurance.

They who have much are always wanting more,
And seldom have a shilling they can spare;
Grasping at purchases to swell their store:
Present enjoyment never claims their care,
While I, who ne'er o'er sales by auction pore,
And, if I did, should have no business there,
Reckless enjoy my little, day by day,
And make myself as happy as I may.

ANON.

Don't Shut Your Door.

Don't shut your door,—don't shut your door:
If Love should come and call:—
'Twill be no use at all.

If Love command, you'd best obey,—
Resistance will but hurt you,—
And make,—for that's the safest way,—
Necessity a virtue;
So don't resist his gentle sway,
Nor shut your door if he should call;—
For that's no use at all.

I've seen him tame the wildest beast,
And strengthen too the weakest:
He loves him most who plagues him least;
His favourites are the meekest.
The privileged guests who grace his feast
Have ne'er opposed his gentle call;—
For that's no use at all.

He loves to tumble upside down
All classes, all connexions:
Of those who fear or wear a crown
He mingles the affections,
Till all by love is overthrown.
E'en moated gate or castle-wall
Will be no use at all.

He is a strange and wayward thing,—
  Young, blind, and full of malice;
He makes a shepherd of a king,
  A cottage of a palace.
'Tis vain to murmur;—and to fling
  Your thoughts away in grief and gall,
    Will be no use at all.

He makes the coward brave,—he wakes
  The sleepy with his thunders,
In mirth he revels, in mistakes,
  And prodigies, and wonders;
And many a man he prisoner makes,
  And bolts the door:—you cry and call;
    But 'tis no use at all!

FROM THE SPANISH.

The Wolf and the Dog.

A PROWLING wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
      Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray;
A prouder, fatter, sleeker tray
      No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf, in famish'd plight,
Would fain have made a ration
      Upon his fat relation,
      But then he first must fight;
    And well the dog seem'd able
    To save from wolfish table
      His carcass snug and tight.

So, then, in civil conversation,
The wolf express'd his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly:
Quit but the woods, advised by me,
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want;
With such a pack, of course, it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you
Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replies the dog; "you only need
To bark a little, now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar-men,—
To fawn on friends that come or go,
Your master please—and so—and so,—
For which you have, to eat
All sorts of well-cook'd meat,
Cold pullets, pigeons, savory messes,—
Besides unnumber'd fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes;
But journeying on he spies
A gall'd spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "O nothing but a speck."
"A speck!" "Ay, ay; 'tis not enough to pain me,
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."

"Chain you, you say! Run you not, then
Just where you please, and when!"—
"Not always, sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them, while I've wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runneth yet.

LA FONTAINE.

The Fisherman's Wife.

She listens—"'Tis the wind," she cries:
The moon, that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast; she looks—she sighs;
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed; her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea:
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high, and where is he?

"Oh, who would love, oh, who would wed
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed, one pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore:—
The storm comes down, the billows rage;
His father is not yet on shore.

"Oh, who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts, the lightning falls,
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again.

She does not speak, she does not sigh,
She gazes on her infant dear,
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
And dims the mother's with a tear.

"Oh, who would be a seaman's wife!
Oh, who would bear a seaman's child!
To tremble for her husband's life,
To weep because her infant smiled!"

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy,
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore,
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,
To see thy Robin at the door;

To press his weather-beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again—
To weep the joy thou couldst not speak:
A pleasure's in the depth of pain.

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last—
And not a cloud that night was seen.

Oh, happy pair! the pains you know,
Still hand in hand with pleasure come;
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home.

KNOWLES.

Tom Tackle.

Tom Tackle was noble, was true to his word;
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would sail!
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the gale:
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad;
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the sniv'lingest scoundrel that ever was seen:
For so said the girls and the landlords 'longshore.
Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tackle was poor!

'Twas once on a time when we took a galloon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some tune;
Tom took a trip to jail, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee.
Then Tom was an angel, downright from heaven sent!
While they'd hands he his goodness should never *repent*:

Return'd from next voyage he bemoan'd his sad
case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face.
"Why d'ye wonder?" cried one, "you're served
right to be sure;
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is
poor!"

I ben't, you see, versed in high maxims and sich;
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see
where from,
And I'm sure, if e'er tar had a good heart, 'twas
Tom.
Yet somehow or t'other, Tom never did right:
None knew better the time when to spare or to
fight:
He, by finding a leak, once preserved crew and
ship,
Saved the Commodore's life—then he made such
rare flip!
And yet for all this, no one Tom could endure;
I fancies as how 'twas—because he was poor.

At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his
hand,
In the riding of comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in the
wind:
[illegible]im enough through Life's ocean to steer,
[illegible]e what it might, steady, thus, or no

His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—and may all honest
hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from
the door,
Just enough to be generous—too much to be poor.

DIBDIN.

Edwin,

A FAIRY TALE, IN THE OLD ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight's fairies daunced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth
Though badly shaped he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along,
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant, drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried,
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night;

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mabel thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found;
And Mabel trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
  As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
  And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
  And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
  In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
  Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
  To sprawl aneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice,
  The gambol has been shewn."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
  The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
  And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
  To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die
  Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place;
Was never wight in such a case
  Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
  He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
  Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks;
  His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
  Without a bunch behind.

The story told Sir Topaz moved,
The youth of Edith erst approved,
  To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
  All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
  A shaking seized the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
  And music fills the hall.

The Irish Drummer.

Sure en't I the drummer that goes to the fight?
Only hear me with joy, and you'll be stunned with
delight.
The likes of my fame sure no mortal enjoys,
For there's nobody makes such a thundering noise,
With my rub a dub, row de dow, rattle away,
See the army all drawn out in battle array;
How sweetly they come to the sound of my drum,
With my rub a dub, &c.

Advancing the last, and retreating the first,
When we'er covered with smoke, and with glory,
and dust;
'Mongst heroes that follow and heroes that fly,
If an uproar and clatter you hear, why, that's I!
With my rub a dub, &c.

Then the fun that you'd see, wid delight and
surprize,
If the smoke and the dust did not put out your eyes,
In the lovely Dutch concert of shrieks and dismay,
Sure en't it, my soul, the first fiddle I play?
With my rub a dub, &c.

Then, like herrings,—all smoked, from the field
when we're come,
And our battles abroad we are fighting at home,
My share I contend for wid body and breath,
Though I nobody kill'd, fait I stunn'd them to death,
With my rub a dub, &c.

DIBDIN.

The Diver.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
To dive amid yon billowy din?
I cast down a cup of the purest gold;
Lo, how the whirlpool hath sucked it in!
I grant the prize of that costly cup
To the venturous hand that shall bear it up."

The monarch he spake as he proudly stood
On the cliff's o'erhanging steep,
And he plunged the cup in Charybdis' flood,
Into the arms of the endless deep;
"Now, who is so gallant of heart," he cried,
As to venture his life in yon raging tide?"

They listened, that goodly company,
And were mute both squire and knight;
For they silently gaze on the wild, wild sea,
And they dare not strive with the whirlpool might.
And the king, for the third time, loudly spake,
"Will no man dive for his monarch's sake?"

Lo silently still they gaze and stand,
Till a gentle page, and bold,
Stepped lightly forth from the shuddering band,
And loosed his scarf and his mantle's fold;
The warriors and ladies, around the place,
Wondering, look in his fearless face.

And, lo! as he stands on the outermost verge,
He sees, in the dark sea gushing,
The struggling waves of the mighty surge,
From the depths of muttering whirlpool rushing;
And their sound as the sound of thunder is,
As they leap in their foam from that black abyss.

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven updarts,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Never exhausted, and never at rest,
Like a new sea sprung from the old sea's breast.

But the terrible storm is at length asleep!
Black, amid snow-white spray,
A fathomless chasm yawneth deep—
Such portal dream we to hell's dark way!
And they see the fierce, wrangling billows now
Drawn down to those hungry depths below.

Then, quick! ere the tempest again awakes,
The youth but kneels to pray,
And a cry of horror from each lip breaks—
He is whirl'd in the whirling stream away!
And the greedy jaws of the fierce white wave
Mysteriously shut o'er the swimmer brave.

All smooth is the surface; beneath, is heard
A muttering deep and suppress'd;
From lip to lip passes the trembling word,
"God speed thee, young spirit, and dauntless breast!"
Then they pause, and they listen right fearfully
To the gathering howls of the hollow sea.

King! if thou cast in thy crown of gold,
And say, "He who wins the gem,
Kingdom and crown for his own shall hold!"
Small were my wish for the diadem.
For how should a living soul reveal
What the howling seas in their womb conceal?

Full many a stately ship hath rush'd
Down to yon bubbling wave,
And mast and keel, all shatter'd and crush'd,
Arose from the depths of the deadly grave.
Nearer and nearer that deep sound now
Comes like a tempest at work below;

And it hisses and eddies, and seethes and starts,
As if water and fire were blending,
Till the spray-dashing column to heaven updarts,
Wave after wave everlastingly sending,
Whose sound as the sound of thunder is,
When they rush with a roar from their black abyss.

But, see! what shines through the dark flood there,
As a swan's soft plumage white?
An arm and a glitteriug neck are bare,
They busily move with a swimmer's might:
It is he! and, lo, in his left hand, high,
He waveth the goblet exultingly!

He is breathing deep, he is breathing long,
As heaven's glad ray he hails;
While merrily shout the rejoicing throng,
"He lives, he is here, and the fierce wave quails!
From the depth, where the waters battle and roll,
The brave youth has brought back a living soul!"

And he comes, while the gay troop cluster round,
He bends at his sovereign's feet,
And he gives him the cup, kneeling low on the ground!
And the king hath beckon'd his daughter sweet,
And she crowneth the beaker with wine's bright spring,
While the bold youth speaks to the wondering king:

"Long life to our monarch! and joy to those
Who breathe in the light of the blushing sky!
It is fearful *there* where the dark wave flows,
Nor should man tempt the gods on high,
Nor ever to seek those sights presume
Which they graciously curtain with night and gloom.

"Down, down I shot like a lightning-flash,
When, lo! from the depth of the rocky ground
Did a thundering torrent to meet me dash,
Like a child's frail top I was spun around,
Powerless and weak; for how should I fight
With the double stream in its raging might?

"Then God, to whom I bitterly cried,
Display'd, through the driving foamy blast
In the depth of the sea, a rock's bare side,
I grasp'd the edge—I was safe at last!
And there hung the cup on its coral brow,
Saved from the bottomless depths below!

[illegible] the purple darkness of the deep
[illegible] under my feet like a precipice,
[illegible]ough here the ear must in deafness sleep,
[illegible]*e could look* down the sheer abyss,

And see how the depths of those waters dark
Are alive with the dragon, the snake, and the shark.

"There, there they cluster'd in grisly swarms,
Curl'd up into many a hideous ball;
The sepia stretching its horrible arms,
And the shapeless hammer, I saw them all;
And the loathsome dog-fish with threatening teeth,
Hyæna so fierce of the seas beneath.

"In horrible consciousness there I stay'd,
One soul with feeling and thought endued,
'Mid monsters, afar from all earthly aid,
Alone in that ghastly solitude!
Far, far from the sound of a human tone,
In depths which the sea-snake hath call'd her own.

"And shuddering I thought, 'they are creeping more near,
They uncoil, and they straighten their hundred joints—
They will clutch me soon!'—in the frenzy of fear
I loosed my hold on those coral points.
I was seized by the whirling stream once more,
But it saved me now, for it rose to shore!"

The monarch he marvell'd that tale to hear,
And he spake—"The cup is thine;
Now win me this ring of jewels clear—
See how its gleaming diamonds shine!
Go down yet again, and bring word to me,
What thou find'st in the uttermost depths of the *sea!*"

His daughter she listen'd in grief and shame,
And with winning tones she spake:
"O father, enough of this terrible game!
Think what he *hath* dared—at thy word—for thy sake!
Or if thou yet longest with quenchless desire,
Twice shall these knights be shamed by a squire?"

Then quickly the monarch grasp'd the cup,
And he hurl'd it down below—
"If once again thou canst bear it up,
The first of my knights I will dub thee now;
And thou shalt achieve as thy bride this day
The maid who for thee doth so sweetly pray!"

Through his spirit no earthly fire is rushing,
And fearlessly sparkle his eyes,
For he sees how that fair young face is blushing,
He sees how it droops as the bright tint dies—
Burning so costly a prize to win,
For life and for death he plunges in!

Again that groaning?—that low deep sound,
Which heralds the thunder-clash;
With loving looks they are gathering round,
It cometh, it cometh, the wave's wild crash!
Backwards and forwards it rushes and roars,
But, alas! the youth no wave restores!

SCHILLER (IN "GERMAN BALLADS").

The Happiest Land.

THERE sat one day in quiet,
By an ale-house on the Rhine,
Four hale and hearty fellows,
And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter fill'd their cups,
Around the rustic board;
Then sat they all so calm and still,
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flush'd with wine,
"Long live the Swabian land!

"The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare,
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,
And dash'd his beard with wine;
"I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine!

"The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land!
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand!"

"Hold your tongues both Swabian and Saxon!"
A bold Bohemian cries;
"If there's a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies!

"There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle
O'er mountain-gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

LONGFELLOW, AFTER THE GERMAN.

Brown and Jones.

As Brown and Jones one day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood they chatting stood,
Hard by the village pound.
Jones from his poke a shilling took,
And said, "I'll bet a penny,
In a short space within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea."

Upon the ground, within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
"Behold," said Jones, "the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one."

"I wonder not," says Brown, "that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way your debts you pay,
One shilling in the pound."

The Toy of the Giant's Child.

Burg Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if ye seek for giants there, they are all dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle-gate before,
And play'd, with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and easy steps she pass'd the mountain and the wood;
At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she stood;

And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appear'd, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawl'd about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me;"
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse, and man, and plough, all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm!

She hastes with joyous steps and quick (we know what children are),
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar:
"O father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the *happy* child,

"What struggling creature hast thou brought so
carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for joy, my girl; come, open, let us
see."

She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly you may
deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant,
and his team;
And when she placed before his sight the new-
found pretty toy,
She clasp'd her hands, and scream'd aloud, and
cried for very joy.

But her father look'd quite seriously, and shaking
slow his head,
"What hast thou brought me home, my child?—
this is no toy," he said;
"Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down
below;
The peasant is no plaything, girl,—how could'st
thou think him so?

"So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he
said;
"For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of
us had bread:
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of
giants are;
The peasant is no plaything, child—no—God forbid
he were!"

G. F. RICHARDSON, AFTER CHAMISSO.

Prince Eugene.

Prince Eugene once in Swabia paid visits far and wide,
And 'mong the rest to Reutlingen this favour did betide.
Now, what a stir the hero made my verses scarce can tell,
Or how the honour to express that to the mayor fell,
As he a council gather'd quick to signify the same,
And by some act to show his sense of Eugene's mighty name.
Much argued they what best to say:
Whether with shouts and cheers to hail the hero on his way,
With feast and dance to bid him speed, and tell his great renown,
Or with the victor's golden wreath his honour'd brows to crown:
Long the debate and eloquent that hatch'd the bright design,
To pledge him in a flowing cup of famed Reutlingen wine.
And now unto the Prince they brought a bowl with *quantum suff.*
Of this true wine of Reutlingen—right sour and nauseous stuff!
With heart of grace Prince Eugene quick despatch'd the potion down,
Though sorely rued he on such terms to gratify the *town.*

"Ay," thought the cits, to see him so imbibe their griping wine,
"That beaker had the genuine smack, by such a potent sign;
Haste! bring another—quick as thought—a bowl both large and wide,
That now the Prince our famous wine may quaff in flowing tide!"
Alas, poor Prince, how ached thy jaws to hear so dire a speech!
As if his latest hour were come, he gravely did beseech
To taste no more in hall or bower of such a nauseous stuff,
Of which I wot he felt right well his skin had *quantum suff.*
With thanks and bows Prince Eugene then address'd the mayor's train:
"Much rather, honoured councillors, I'd storm Belgrade again,
Than face another such a draught of sour Reutlingen wine.
Take my advice, if stuff like this you swallow when you dine,
Drink it, and welcome, but to ask your luckless guests refrain;
For rather, through the smoke and flame, I'd storm Belgrade again."

FROM THE GERMAN.

How-d'ye-do and Good-bye.

One day Good-bye met How-d'ye-do,
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew,
From kissing to disputing.

"Away," says How-d'ye-do, "your mien
Appals my cheerful nature:
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

"Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
Your cloud comes in to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
Your mildew drops to fade it.

"Ere How-d'ye-do has tuned each tongue
To 'Hope's delighted measure,'
Good-bye on Friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure!

"From sorrows past, my chemic skill
Draws smiles of consolation;
While you, from present joys, distil
The tears of separation."

Good-bye replied, "Your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded;
But pray who'd think of How-d'ye-do,
Unless Good-bye preceded?

"Without my prior influence,
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flower dispense,
But those my tears have nourish'd?

"How oft,—if at the court of love
Concealment is the fashion,—
When How-d'ye-do has fail'd to move,
Good-bye reveals the passion?

"How oft when Cupid's fires decline,—
As every heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers?

"Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter,
If he, for ten kind How-d'ye-do's,
One kind Good-bye would barter!

"From Love and Friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence;
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

"'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since, there is no denying,
One half in How-d'ye-doing goes,
And t'other in Good-byeing."

HON. WILLIAM SPENCER.

A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark, the music, mariners;
The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

CUNNINGHAM.

Our Village.

BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees—three oak pollards, two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green of about not exceeding an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, *six ponies*, three horses, five asses, two foals, *seven pigs* and a calf.

Beside a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar
sort of common-law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three
ganders, two dead dogs, four drown'd
kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does
famous for bowling when the little village
boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass,
is sure to come and stand right before the
wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and
workshops, pig-sties and poultry-huts, and
such like sheds;
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one
Green Man, three Bunches of Grapes, one
Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only
one that for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame
white horses, and a ranshackled "neat post-
chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people,
whatsoever may be their ranks in life or
their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold,
little Methodist chapel-of-ease;
And close by the churchyard, there's a stone-
mason's yard, that when the time is sea-
sonable
Will furnish with "afflictions sore," and marble urns,
and cherubims, very low and reasonable.

There's a cage, comfortable enough—I've been in it with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike—
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repair for the sake of Cobb's horse, as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task,
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of every thing you ask;
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask.
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out.
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all about:
That's the doctor's with a green door, where the garden-pots in the windows are seen;
A weakly monthly-rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a hap'orth of pennyroyal, two dandelions and a thistle.

There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear, one plum and an apple, that every year is stripp'd by a thief.
There's another small day-school, too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby,
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby.
There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian folks;
There's a barber's, once a week well fill'd with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls;
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's *the post-office* for letters.

Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from
end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never
shall—and that's the village poor-house!

HOOD.

Surnames.

Men once were surnamed for their shape or estate
(You all may from history worm it),
There was Louis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit:
But now, when the door-plates of misters and
dames
Are read, each so constantly varies;
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, sur-
names
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.
At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout
(A conduct well worthy of Nero),
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
Mr. Heavyside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
Found nothing but sorrow await her;
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut;
Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock;
Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers;
Miss Poole used to dance, but she stands like a stock
Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.
Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
He moves as though cords had entwined him;
Mr. Metcalf ran off upon meeting a cow,
With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half-after three,
Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.
Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,
Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
Mr. Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
Consumed all the fortune his dad won;
Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health;
Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one;
Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year
By showing his leg to an heiress:
Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear,
Surnames ever go by contraries.

JAMES SMITH.

The Old Man in the Wood.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in a wood,
As you shall plainly see,
He thought he could do more work in one day
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"And if you will allow,
You shall stay at home to-day,
And I'll go follow the plough.

"And you must milk Tiny the cow,
Lest she should go a dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty;

"And you must watch the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
Not forgetting the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took her stick in her hand,
And went to follow the plough;
The old man put the pail on his head,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny she winced, and Tiny she flinch'd,
And Tiny she toss'd her nose;
And Tiny gave him a kick on the shin,
Till the blood ran down to his toes.

And a "Ho, Tiny!" and a "Lo, Tiny!"
  And a "Pretty little cow, stand still;"
And "If ever I milk you again," he said,
  "It shall be against my will."

And then he went to feed the pigs
  That were within the sty,
He knock'd his nose against the shed,
  And made the blood to fly.

And then he watch'd the speckled hen,
  Lest she should go astray,
But he quite forgot the spool of yarn
  That his wife spun every day.

And when the old woman came home at night,
  He said he could plainly see,
That his wife could do more work in a day
  Than he could do in three.

And when he saw how well she plough'd,
  And made the furrows even,
Said his wife could do more work in a day
  Than he could do in seven!

King John and the Abbot.

PART THE FIRST.

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he rulèd England with maine and with might,
For he did *great* wrong, and maintein'd little right

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "would it were knowne,
I spend not a piece, but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"*Se*condlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about.

And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from our King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give;
That I have but three weeks more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about:
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"Nay frowne not, if it hath been told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee:
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London towne."

"Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our father the pope."

PART THE SECOND.

"Now welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both savèd shall bee.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
[illegible] all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
to one penny what I am worth?"

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For at least, thou art one penny worse than Hee."

The king he laughed, and vowed by St. Bittel,
He did not think he had been worth so littel!
—"Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about?"

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not to make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and vowed by St. Jone,
"I did not think, it could be gone so soone!"
—"Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and vowed by the masse,
"Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then will I give to thee,
For *this merry jest* thou hast showne unto mee;

And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from merry King
John."

The Chatsworth Outlaw.

THE sun had risen above the mist,
The boughs in dew were dreeping;
Seven foresters sat on Chatsworth bank,
And sung while roes were leaping.

"Alas!" sung one, "for Chatsworth oaks,
Their heads are bald and hoary,
They droop in fulness of honour and fame,
They have had their time of glory.

"How fair they stand amid their green land,
The sock or share ne'er pain'd them;
Not a bough or leaf have been shred from their
strength,
Nor the woodman's axe profaned them."

"Green," sung another, "were they that hour
When Scotland's loveliest woman [1],
And saddest queen, in the sweet twilight,
Aneath their boughs was roamin'.

[1] Mary Queen of Scots.

"And ever the Derwent lilies her tears
In their silver tops were catching,
As she look'd to the cold and faithless north,
Till her eyes wax'd dim with watching."

"Be mute now," the third forester said,
"The dame who fledged mine arrow
With the cygnet's wing, has a whiter hand
Than the fairest maid on Yarrow."

Loud laugh'd the forester fourth, and sung,
"Say not thy maid's the fair one;
On the banks of Dove there dwells my love,
A beauteous and a rare one."

"Now cease your singing," the fifth one said,
"And choose of shafts the longest,
And seek the bucks on Chatsworth chase,
Where the lady-bracken's strongest.

"Let every bow be strung, and smite
The fattest and the fairest;
Lord Devonshire will taste our cheer,
Of England's lords the rarest."

"String them with speed," the sixth man said,
"For low down in the forest
There runs a deer I long to smite,
With bitter shafts the sorest.

"The bucks bound blythe on Chatsworth lea,
Where brackens grow the greenest;
The pheasant's safe 'neath Chatsworth oaks,
When the tempest sweeps the keenest.

"In the wild wood of fair Dove dwells
An Outlaw, young and handsome;
A sight of him on Chatsworth bank
Were worth a prince's ransom.

"Now bend your bows, and choose your shafts,"
His string at his touch went sighing;
"The Outlaw comes—now, now at his breast
Let seven broad shafts be flying."

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
Green was his gallant cleeding;
A horn at his belt, in his hand the bow
That set the roebucks bleeding.

The Outlaw came—with a song he came—
O'er a brow more brent and bonny
The pheasant plume ne'er danced and shone,
In a summer morning sunny.

The Outlaw came—at his belt, a blade
Broad, short, and sharp was gleamin';
Free was his steep as one who had ruled
Among knights and lovely women.

See, by his shadow in the stream
He loves to look and linger,
And wave his mantle richly flower'd
By a white and witching finger.

"Now, shall I hit him where yon gay plume
Of the Chatsworth pheasant's glancing;
Or shall I smite his shapely limbs
That charm our maidens dancing?"

"Hold! hold!" a northern forester said,
"'Till be told from Trent to Yarrow,
How the true-love song of a gentle Outlaw
Was stay'd by a churl's arrow."

"It ne'er shall be said," quoth the forester then,
"That the song of a red-deer reaver
Could charm the bow that my grandsire bent
On the banks of Guadalquiver."

And a shaft he laid, as he spoke, to the string,
When the Outlaw's song came falling
As sweet on his ear, as the wind when it comes
Through the fragrant woodlands calling.

There each man stood, with his good bow bent,
And his shaft pluck'd from the quiver:
While thus then sung that gallant Outlaw,
Till rung both rock and river:

"Oh! bonny Chatsworth, and fair Chatsworth,
Thy bucks go merrily bounding;
Aneath your green oaks, as the herds flew past,
How oft have my shafts been sounding!

"It is sweet to meet with the one we love,
When the night is nigh the hoarest;
It is sweet to bend the bow as she bids,
On the proud prey of the forest.

"One fair dame loves the cittern's sound,
When the words of love are winging;
But my fair one's music 's the Outlaw's horn,
And his bow-string sharply singing.

"She waves her hand—her lily-white hand,
'Tis a spell to each who sees her;
One glance of her eye—and I snatch my bow,
And let fly my arrows to please her.

"I bring the lark from the morning cloud,
When its song is at the sweetest;
I stay the deer upon Chatsworth lea,
When its flight is at the fleetest.

"There's magic in the wave of her hand,
And her dark eye rains those glances,
Which fill the best and the wisest hearts
With love's sweet influences.

"Her locks are brown—bright berry brown,
O'er her temples white descending;
And her neck is like the neck of the swan,
As her stately way she's wending.

"How I have won my way to her heart
'Tis past all men's discernin';
For she is lofty, and I am low,
My lovely Julia Vernon."

He turned him right and round about,
With a step both long and lordly;
When he was aware of those foresters bold,
And he bore him wondrous proudly.

"Good morrow, good fellows!" all fearless he said,
"Was your supper spread so sparely;
Or is it to feast some sweet young dame,
That you bend your bows so early?

"I feast me now on the ptarmigan,
And then I taste the pheasant;
And my supper is of the Chatsworth fawn,
Which my love dresses pleasant.

"But to-morrow I feast on yon bonny roebuck;
'Tis time I stay'd his bounding;"
He twang'd his string—like the swallow it sung,
All shrilly and sharply sounding.

"By my grandsire's bow," said a forester then,
"By my shafts which fly so yarely,
And by all the skill of my strong right hand,
Good Outlaw, thou lordst it rarely.

"Seest thou yon tree, yon lonely tree,
Whose bough the Derwent's laving?—
Upon its top, thou gallant Outlaw,
Thou'lt be hung to feed the raven.

"So short as the time this sharp shaft flies,
And strikes yon golden pheasant—
There—thy time is meted, so bid farewell
To these greenwoods wild and pleasant."

The Outlaw laugh'd; "Good fellow," he said,
"My sword's too sure a servant
To suffer that tree to bear such fruit
While it stands upon the Derwent.

"She would scorn my might, my own true love,
And the mother would weep that bore me,
If I stay'd my step for such strength as thine,
Or seven such churls before me.

"I have made my way with this little brown sword,
Where the war-steeds rush'd the throngest;
I have saved my breast with this little brown sword,
When the strife was at the strongest.

"It guarded me well in bonny Scotland,
When the Scots and Graemes fought fervent;
And the steel that saved me by gentle Nith,
May do the same by Derwent."

"Fair fall thee, Outlaw, for that word!
Oh! Nith, thou gentle river,
When a bairn, I flew along thy banks,
As an arrow from the quiver.

"The roebucks run upon thy braes
Without a watch or warden;
And the tongue that calls thee a gentle stream
Is dear to Geordie Gordon."

The Outlaw smiled, "'Tis a soldier's saye
That the Gordons, blythe and ready,
Ne'er stoop'd the plumes of their basnets bright
Save to a lovesome lady."

"Now by Saint Allen, the forester said,
And the Saint who slew the dragon;
And by this hand that wields the brand,
As wight as it tooms the flagon;

"It shall never be told of the Gordon's name,
Of a name so high and lordly,
That I took a gallant Outlaw in the toil,
And hanged him base and cowardly.

"I'll give thee the law of Lord Nithisdale,
A good lord of the border;
So take thy bow, thou gallant Outlaw,
And set thy shafts in order.

"And we will go each one to his stance,
With bows and arrows ready;
And thou shalt climb up Chatsworth bank,
Where the wood is wild and shady.

"And thou shalt stand on yon rough red rock,
With woodbine hung and bracken;
And shout three times o'er Derwent vale,
Till all the echoes waken.

"Then loose thy shafts, and slay a buck,
Fit for a monarch's larders;
And carry him free from Chatsworth park,
In spite of seven warders.

"Do this and live, and I do vow
By the white hand of my mother,
I'll smite him low who runs ere thou shout,
Were he Saint Andrew's brother."

The Outlaw smiled; "Good Gordon," he said,
"I'll shout both high and gaily;
And smite a buck, and carry him off;
'Tis the work I'm bowne to daily."

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Like light his looks did gladden;
The sun was shining on Bakewell-Edge,
And *on the* heights of Haddon.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
He look'd to vale and mountain,
And gave a shout so shrill, the swans
Sprung up from stream and fountain.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
And shouted shrill and gaily;
Till the dun deer leap'd from brake and bower,
Two miles down Derwent valley.

The Outlaw stood upon Chatsworth rock,
Looking o'er the vale so narrow;
And his voice flew fleet as away from the string
Starts off the thirsty arrow.

And loudly it rung in Haddon-wood,
Where the deer in pairs were dernan:
And loudly it rung in Haddon-hall,
And up rose Julia Vernon.

"If ever I heard my true love's voice,
'Tis now through my bowers ringing;
His voice is sweet as the wild bird's note,
When the buds bloom to its singing.

"For well I know my true love's voice,
It sounds so gay and clearly:
An angel's voice in a maiden's ear
Would ne'er drop down so dearly."

[illegible] her green robe in a hand
[illegible] as the opening lily,
[illegible]morning sun and the lovely maid
Chatsworth valley.

Around the brow of the high green hill
The sun's fair beams were twining,
And bend and fall of the Derwent stream
In golden light were shining.

The silver smoke from Chatsworth tower
Like a pennant broad went streaming,
And gush'd against the morning sky,
And all the vale was gleaming.

She gave one look on the broad green land,
And back her tresses sheddin',
With her snowy neck, and her bonnie blue eyes,
Came down from the hill of Haddon.

She saw the wild dove start from its bower,
And heard the green boughs crashing;
And saw the wild deer leap from its lair,
And heard the deep stream dashing.

And then she saw her own true love
Bound past by bush and hollow;
And after him seven armed men
With many a shout and hollo.

"Oh! had I but my bow, my love,
And seven good arrows by me,
I'd make the fiercest of thy foes
Bleed ere they could come nigh thee.

"Oh! had I but thy sword, my love,
Thy sword so brown and ready,
I'd meet thy foes on Chatsworth bank,
Among the woodlands shady."

On high she held her white, white hands,
In wild and deep devotion,
And locks and lips, and lith and limb,
Were shivering with emotion.

"Nay, stay the chase," said a forester then,
"For when the lion's roaring
The hound may hide:—May the raven catch
The eagle in his soaring?

"Farewell, my bow, that could send a shaft,
As the levin leaves the thunder!
A lady looks down from Haddon height
Has snapt thy strength asunder.

"A lady looks down from Haddon height,
O'er all men's hearts she's lordin';
Who harms a hair of her true love's head
Makes a foe of Geordie Gordon."

The bank was steep,—down the Outlaw sprung,
The greenwood wide resounded;
The wall was high,—like a hunted hart
O'er it he fleetly bounded.

And when he saw his love, he sunk
His dark glance in obeisance:
"Comes my love forth to charm the morn,
And bless it with her presence?

"How sweet is Haddon hill to me,
Where silver streams are twining!
My love excels the morning star,
And shines while the sun is shining.

"She and the sun, and all that's sweet,
Smile when the grass is hoarest;
And here at her white feet I lay
The proud buck of the forest.

"Now farewell, Chatsworth's woodlands green,
Where fallow-deer are dernan;
For dearer than the world to me
Is my love, Julia Vernon!"

CUNNINGHAM.

Beware.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee.

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

LONGFELLOW.

The Gnipen, or Wood-Spirit.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

In the twilight morn of the waning year
Went Swain the woodsman forth;
And his tread you might hear o'er the leaves dry and sere,
From Drontheim towards the north.

Lustily sang he, I trow, and well;
Nor of man nor of ghost had he fear:
For the monk he may dwell in Drontheim's cell,
But Swain's is the forest drear.

And still as he goes the green trees fade—
For he hews him their branches all;
And a pile he has made, in the forest glade,
Of the larch and the pine so tall.

But the Gnipen he marked him as he stood
Beneath a branching oak;
And the boughs so good of the merry greenwood,
They trembled as he spoke.

"Now by our joyous greenwood king,
Who loves old Norway's pine,
The birds they shall sing where green boughs spring,
For all that axe of thine."

The Gnipen has donned him a cowl so grey—
'Twas St. Francis's cowl, I ween;
And he said, "By my fay, the woodsman to-day
Shall rue for his axe so keen."

So Swain, he took of his woodsman's food
At the witching hour of noon,
When by him there stood, in the merry greenwood,
A monk in his sandalled shoon.

"O tell me, O tell me, thou woodsman bold,
O tell me eftsoon, I pray:
For since bells have toll'd o'er wood and o'er wold
When monks arise to pray,

"I have wander'd alone in the greenwood bower:
So tell me my path through the boughs,
That in Drontheim's tower at vesper-hour
I *may quit me of* my vows."

"Little reck I of the monkish vow,
Of thy cowl, and thy beads so fair;
Though in cloister, I trow, there is feasting enow,
And the forest is wild and bare.

"Yet an thou hadst toiled one day with me
To cleave the gnarled oak,
Small woe would it be 'neath the greenwood tree
To roam since morning broke."

"Though I bear of St. Francis the rigid yoke
Yet no puny arm is mine;
And, woodsman, my stroke might fell the oak,
As well as stroke of thine."

Then loud laughed Swain, in scornful cheer:
"Come rid thee to-day of thy rule,
And bid thy arm rear, 'stead of monkish gear,
The woodsman's hardy tool:

"But fells it yon oak ere close of day,
Whose branches o'er us tower,
May the Gnipen grey bear my soul away
At the chime of evening hour!"

He recked not that friar of his smile or his frown,
And never word he spoke;
But he sat him down in the shadow brown
Of the lofty gnarled oak.

Now sank the sun to northern men,
And sank on Drontheim's tower;
And there wanted then but nine strokes or ten
To the chime of evening hour.

Then sprang from the ground that friar, and spake,
As his axe on high did shine:
"For my rule I'll take, and the greenwood's sake,
This single stroke of mine."

The oak he has struck it but once and no more,
But cleft is the gnarled wood;
And it fell with the roar on the rocky shore
Of the Maelstrom's boiling flood.

And darker grew that friar grey,
And tall as Drontheim's tower;
And he vanish'd away with Swain that day,
At the chime of evening hour:

And he set him on high in the forest drear,
Where the pine's tall branches spring;
That woodsmen may fear the axe to rear
Near the haunt of the greenwood king.

And still as the hailstones o'er him patter,
As the peasant hies him past,
He hears the loud clatter, while still his teeth chatter,
In the biting evening blast.

FROM "GERMAN BALLADS."

Robin Hood and the Bishop.

Some they will talk of bold Robin Hood,
And some of barons bold;
But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,
When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
All under the green-wood tree,
The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
With all his company.

"Come, kill me a ven'son," said bold Robin Hood,
"Come, kill me a good fat deer,
The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,
And he shall pay well for his cheer."

"We'll kill a fat ven'son," said bold Robin Hood,
"And dress it by the highway side;
And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
Lest some other way he should ride."

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,
With six of his men also;
And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,
They about the fire did go.

"O what is the matter?" then said the bishop,
"Or for whom do you make this a-do?
Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
When your company is so few?"

"We are shephèrds," said bold Robin Hood,
"And we keep sheep all the year,
And we are disposed to be merry this day,
And to kill of the king's fat deer."

"You are brave fellows!" said the bishòp,
"And the king of your doings shall know:
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

"O pardon, O pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"O pardon, I thee pray!
For it becomes not your lordships coat
To take so many lives away."

"No pardon, no pardon," said the bishòp,
"No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For before the king you shall go."

Then Robin set his back against a tree,
And his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,
And a loud blast did he blow,
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men
Came running all on a row:

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood;
'Twas a comely sight for to see.
"What is the matter, master," said Little John,
"*That you blow* so hastily?"

"O here is the bishop of Hereford,
And no pardon we shall have."
"Cut off his head, master," said Little John,
"And throw him into his grave."

"O pardon, O pardon," said the bishòp,
"O pardon I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd have gone some other way."

"No pardon, no pardon," said bold Robin Hood,
"No pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go."

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,
And led him to merry Barnsdale;
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

"Call in a reckoning," said the bishòp,
"For methinks it grows wond'rous high."
"Lend me your purse, master," said Little John,
"And I'll tell you bye and bye."

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the bishop's portmantua
He told three hundred pound.

"Here's money enough, master," said Little John,
"And a comely sight 'tis to see;
It makes me in charity with the bishòp,
Tho' he heartily loveth not me."

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
And he caused the music to play;
And he made the old bishop to dance in his boots;
And glad he could so get away.

Robin Hood and the Butcher.

COME, all you brave gallants, listen awhile,
That are "this bower" within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in the forrest did 'spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hye.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly Robìn,
What food hast thou, tell to me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
For I like well thy company."

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robìn,
"No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham
I am going, my flesh to sell."

"What is the price of thy flesh?" said jolly Robìn,
"Come tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
For *a butcher* fain would I be."

"The price of my flesh," the butcher repli'd,
"I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
Four mark thou must give unto me."

"Four mark I will give thee," said jolly Robin,
"Four mark it shall be thy fee;
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,
His butchers trade to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they opened their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one peny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Notingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, "Surely he is some prodigal,
That hath sold his fathers land."

The butchers stepped to jolly Robìn,
Acquainted with him for to be;
"Come, brother," one said, "we be all of one trade,
Come, will you go dine with me?"

"Accurst of his heart," said jolly Robìn,
"That a butcher doth deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie."

But when to the sheriffs house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

"Pray God bless us all," said jolly Robìn,
"And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood:
And so I do end my grace."

"Come fill us more wine," said jolly Robìn,
"Let us be merry while we do stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckning will pay."

"Come, 'brothers,' be merry," said jolly Robìn,
"Let us drink, nor yet give ore;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it costs me five pounds and more."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers then said.
Saies the sheriff, "He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And *now* he doth mean to spend all."

"Hast thou any horn beasts," the sheriff repli'd,
"Good fellow, to sell unto me?"
"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

"And a hundred aker of good free land,
If you please it to see:
And Ile make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrèy,
And, with three hundred pound in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forrest of merry Sherwood,
Then the sheriff did say, "God save us this day,
From a man they call Robin Hood!"

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?
They be fat and fair for to see."
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew but blasts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John,
And all his company.

"What is your will, master?" then said Little John,
"Good master, come tell unto me."
"I have brought hither the sheriff of Notingham
This day to dine with thee."

"He is welcome to me," then said Little John,
"I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day."

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the sheriffs portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,
And set him on his dapple gray;
"O have me commended to your wife at home:"
So Robin went laughing away.

The Death of Keeldar.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead,
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three.

Man, hound, and horse, of higher fame
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day:
Keeldar was matchless in his speed;
Than Tarras ne'er was stancher steed;
A peerless archer Percy Rede;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes;
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose
By fountain or by stream;
And oft when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
When each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear—
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know.
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears,
The restless palfrey paws and rears,
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot! Halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string,
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing!

The noble hound—he dies, he dies—
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver;
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound;
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death; but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear;
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline,—
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun-deer's merry bound;
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day[1]!"

The Enemies.

[The story on which the following ballad is founded is related in Mrs. Jameson's "Lives of Female Sovereigns."]

PART I.

Oh, fair was Countess Isadoure,
The Ladye of Leòn,
And she unto her highest tower,
With all her maids, is gone;
A veil of lace, in modest grace,
Was wrapt her brow around;
Her vesture fair of satin rare
Swept on the stony ground.

[1] The above poem appeared in the "Gem" for 1829. The Editor, Thomas Hood, thus introduces it:—"To Sir Walter Scott, not merely a literary feather in my cap, but a whole plume of them, I owe, and with the hand of my heart acknowledge. A poem from his pen is likely to confer on the book that contains it, if not perpetuity, at least a very 'Old Mortality.'"

She spake unto her wardour good:
"Now, wardour, tell thou me
How many years thou here hast stood
To watch the far countree."
The wardour stout, he straight spake out:
"Sweet ladye, there have been,
Since first I clombe this lofty dome,
Methinks full years fifteen.

"And every night, and every morn,
Noontide and eve the same,
I still was wont to wind my horn,
For still a stranger came;
Now, twice three days are fully past,
I gazed both far and wide,
Nor have I wound a single blast,
Nor have I aught espied."

The ladye dried her pearly tears,
That flow'd like summer rain;
"Ah, wardour, spare a woman's fears,
Go up yet once again!
Perchance thine eye my lord may spy
Far in the distant west,
For yestereen he should have been
Enfolded to this breast."

The wardour clombe the weary stair;
And long and closely gazed;
At last his glad shout rent the air,—
"Hurrah! Saint James be praised!
I see a knight—the glimmering light
Just glances from his shield;
His pace is slow, his plume droops low—
He comes from a foughten field."

Then joyful was that ladye bright
With measureless content,
And forth to meet the coming knight
In eager haste she went.
"Now, maidens mine, bring food and wine,
And spread the festal board;
Soft music bring, rich incense fling,
To welcome back my lord."

She placed her on a palfrey good,
As well beseem'd her state,
And forth she rode in mirthful mood
Down to the castle-gate:
"Now, maidens, stay your pace, I pray,
And let us gladly wait
Till yonder knight shall here alight
By his own castle-gate."

They had not stay'd an hour's brief space
Beneath that sinking sun,
When, lo, with stern and darkened face
That stranger knight came on;
The lady saw his brow of awe,
And mark'd his greeting word,
Then veil'd her eyes in wild surprise,
And shriek'd, "'Tis not my lord!"

His mien was sad, his crest defaced,
His mail besprent with gore,
He lighted off his steed in haste,
Hard by the castle-door;
He flung aside his helm of pride,
He bent his forehead low,
And scarcely knew that war's red dew
Fell trickling from his brow.

"Ah, ladye," (thus the stranger said,)
"Ill tidings must I tell;
Your lord will surely lose his head
Before the matin-bell.
His gallant host are slain and lost,
His friends are all dispersed;
The cruel Moor is at his door:
Yet is not this the worst!

"Pent in Alhama's fort he lies,
Bereft of every hope;
In vain his utmost strength he tries
With triple force to cope;
The Moor hath sworn, ere break of morn
The fortress shall be won,
And he will hang in ruthless scorn
Its valiant garrison.

"Your lord commends him to your love,
And prays, in piteous kind,
That ere the morrow shine above,
Some succour thou mayst find.
He bade me tell, that, if he fell,
Ere life's last pang were o'er"—
Oh, cease thy tale, thou warrior pale!
The ladye hears no more!

Then loud her maidens wail and weep,
And mourn so sad an hour,
They lift her up in deathful sleep,
They bear her to her bower;
And loyal grief for their good chief
Spreads far on every part,
Through all Leòn there is not one
But bears a heavy heart.

PART II.

In proud Medina's castle fair
The rosy wine flows bright,
For proud Medina's valiant heir
Brings home his bride to-night.
Mirth smiles on every lip, and shines
In every gleaming eye,
And the sound of merry laughter joins
With lutes and minstrelsy.

Full many a knight of high degree
Sate at Medina's board,
But the morning-star of chivalry
Was he, their stately lord.
The haughtiest monarchs bow'd them down
In reverence of his fame,
And the trumpet-tones of loud renown
Were weary of his name.

The health pass'd joyously about
That table fair and wide,
And every guest with eager shout
Gave honour to the bride.
The old hall rang to their joyous peal;—
While, on its sides so high,
The clattering sound of the shaken steel
Gave faint but stern reply!

Was that the sound of lance or sword
'Gainst the mailèd hauberk ringing,
Which circles above the festive board,
And the lordly banners swinging?

Lo, every lip forsakes the cup
Lo, every knight starts breathless up:
For wheeling around
That ancient hall,
Came the murmuring sound
Of a trumpet-call,—
Sinking and swelling, slow and soft,
And lost in the night-wind's whistle oft.

It ceased, that low and fitful sound,
It died on the evening gale,
And the knights they all gazed grimly round,
And the ladies all wax'd pale;
The baron bold was first to break
The silence of his hall:
"What made this bode?"—'twas thus he spake—
"Now rede me, warriors all."

Then up spake Guzman of Mindore—
A holy monk was he—
"'Tis the sound," quoth he, "of the coming Moor;
Oh, let us turn and flee!"
Him answer'd straight Sir Leoline,
A true and stalwart knight,
"'Tis the sound of the coming Moor, I ween;
Let us go forth and fight."

Then every gauntlet sought his sword
With a quick and friendly greeting,
And a clash arose at the festive board,
But not of goblets meeting.

Up sprang each knight; like a beam of light
Forth flash'd each trenchant blade,
And the backward start of the quivering sheath
A stirring answer made—
When, lo, on the breeze again was borne
The cadence wild of that echoing horn!

And see, where up the hall proceeds,
A sad yet stately group;
A ladye, clad in mourning weeds,
Is foremost of the troop.
Her tearful eyes betray her grief,
Her mien shows her degree;
And forward to the wondering chief
She steps right gracefully.

She wrung her hands, and down she kneel'd,
So sorrowful, so fair,
That heart must have been triply steel'd
That could resist her prayer.
Scarce have her trembling lips the power
Their suppliant words to frame,
She sinks upon the marble floor,
Murmuring her husband's name!

Her husband's name!—unwelcome sound
In proud Medina's ears:
A wrathful whisper circles round
The band of knights and peers;
From lip to lip is past the word,
In tones of fierce rebuke,
"Is it the wife of Cadiz' lord
Who seeks Medina's duke?"

Alas, that deadly feud should be
Between two hearts so brave and free!
Alas, that long ancestral hate
Such kindred souls should separate!

Up rose that ladye at the word,
And spake with queenly brow:
"It *is* the wife of Cadiz' lord
Who seeks Medina now!
I come to tell my husband's plight,—
A captive doom'd is he;
And I charge thee as a Christian knight
Go forth and set him free!

"Pent in Alhama's fort he lies,
Bereft of every hope;
In vain his utmost strength he tries
With triple force to cope;
The Moor hath sworn, ere break of morn
The fortress shall be won,
And he will hang in ruthless scorn
Its valiant garrison.

"Then canst thou, wilt thou, not forget,
The stormy words when last ye met?"
"Say rather, will I not contemn
The heart that *could* remember them?
Fear nothing, gentle ladye,—I
Am slave to love and chivalry.
Let each who keeps his honour bright
And holds his conscience free,
Let each who boasts the name of knight,
Forward and follow me!"
He spake, and shook his flashing sword,
Then darted from the festal board.

Him follow'd Guzman of Mindoro
With words of counsel wise:
"Oh, cross not thou thy castle-door
On such a mad emprise!
Recall, recall thy hasty word,
Nor set false Cadiz free!"
But out then spoke that generous lord,
"He is mine enemy!"

And never another word spoke he,
But on his steed he sprang;
And forth he rode right joyously,
As though for his wedding revelry
The merry church-bells rang:
O glorious time, and noble race,
Where hate to honour thus gave place!

Behind him then his vassals crowd
In legions bold and bright,
The prancing of their coursers proud,
It was a stately sight;
And the music of their eager swords,
In warlike fury clashing,
Was a stirring sound, like the wild rebound
Of waves o'er dark rocks dashing.

Like the torrent plunging from the rock,
Or the lightning from the skies,
So roll'd the thunder of their shock
Against their enemies!
How should a mortal foe resist
The charge of such a band?
They scatter'd like an April mist
Cleft by the sun-god's hand!

Oh, brightly on Alhama's fort
The morning sun was beaming,
Where many a chief of lordly port
Stood in his armour gleaming;
Fair is the scene its towers disclose
In their high banquet-hall;
But the first embrace of those two foes
Was a fairer sight than all!

Oh, fast through all the Spanish land
That victory was told,
Right gladsome was King Ferdinand,
Right gay his warriors bold;
From lip to lip the bright tale darts,
All laud the high emprise;
But the union of those generous hearts
Was dear in God's own eyes!

The Heir of Linne.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To always spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

So fares the unthrifty Lord[1] of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

[1] "Lord" means here probably nothing more than the Scotch "*Laird*," or landed proprietor.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie[1];
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
"My sonne, when I am gonne," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou 'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
"And come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

[1] i. e. Earnest-money; from the French *Denier à Dieu*. At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a God's-penny.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

"Nowe well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Nowe well-adaye, and woe is mee,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

"Now well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Now well-aday, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sinne:
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to the lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world shold frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to the lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles.
"Here's sorry cheare," quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe:
No shimmering sunn here ever shone;
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These wordes were written so plain to see:
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and saw a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bille, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there;
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy:
And over them in broad lettèrs
These words were written so plaine to see:

"Once more, my sonne, I sett thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it bee," sayd the heire of Linne;
"And let it bee, unless I amend,
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere[1] then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Heavens curse on my head," he sayd,
"If ever I trust thee one pennie."

[1] Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2nd Part of the Acts of Eng. Votaries, we have this phrase (fol. 38), "Tho dore therof *oft tymes* opened and *speared* agayne."

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
"Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, "Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

"And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
"Now Heavens curse on my head," he sayd,
"But I did lose by that bargaine.

"And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie.
"Now by my fay," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth wi' mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I 'm againe the Lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now welladay!" sayth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now welladay! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now I 'm but John of the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heire of Linne;
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said hee:
"Heaven's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer's evening,
Old Casper's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Casper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he.
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"*Were slain* in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes,—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Casper cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out;
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then
And new-born infant died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many a thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory;

"And every body praised the duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

SOUTHEY.

Sir Roland Graeme.

The trumpet has rung on Helvellyn side,
The bugle in Derwent vale;
And an hundred steeds came hurrying fleet,
With an hundred men in mail:
And the gathering cry, and the warning word,
Was, "Fill the quiver and sharpen the sword."

And away they bound—the mountain-deer
Starts at their helmets' flash;
And away they go—the brooks call out
With a hoarse and murmuring dash;
The foam flung from their steeds as they go
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

What foe do they chase? for I see no foe;
  And yet all spurr'd and gored
Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
  For the fleet hound or the sword?
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
With bow, and brand, and horn, and halloo.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonnie brown steed,
  Sir Walter on his black;
There are a hundred steeds, and each
  Has a Selby on his back:
And the meanest man there draws a brand
Has silver spurs and a baron's land.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo! look
  How it dashes from bank to bank!
To them it seems but the bonnie green lea,
  Or the vale with brackens rank:
They brave the water and breast the banks,
And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
  With its woodlands wild and green;
"Our steeds are white with foam; shall we wash
  Their flanks in the river sheen?"
But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
  And utter a long shrill shout,
And bury their spurs in their coursers' flanks,
  And pluck their bright blades out;
The spurn'd-up turf is scatter'd behind,
For they go as the hawk when he sails with the
  wind.

Before them not far on the lilied lea.
There is a fair youth flying;
And at his side rides a lovely maid,
Oft looking back and sighing;
On his basnet dances the heron's plume,
And fans the maid's cheek all of ripe rose bloom.

"Now do thy best, my bonnie grey steed,
And carry my true love over,
And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,
And heap'd and running over—
Oh, bear her safe through dark Eske's fords,
And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords!"

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood
Had it foam'd a full mile wider;
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
"I'm proud of my lovely rider:
And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
All scatheless I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea."

A rushing was heard on the river-banks,
Wide rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant an hundred horsemen at speed
Came foaming and fearless in.
"Turn back, turn back, thou Scottish loon—
Let us measure our swords 'neath the light of the moon!"

An hundred horsemen leap'd lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing,
And drew back, as Sir Richard his good blade bared
While the signal-trump kept singing:

Sir Roland Graeme down his mantle threw
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

With a measuring eye and a measured pace
  Nigher they came and nigher;
Then made a bound and made a blow,
  And the smote helms yielded fire:
December's hail, or the thunder's blast,
Ne'er flash'd so bright, or fell so fast.

"Now yield thee, Graeme, and give me back
  Lord Selby's beauteous daughter;
Else I shall sever thy head and heave 't
  To thy light love o'er the water."
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head 's as loose on thy neck as mine."

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again
  They closed—on sweet Eske side
The ringdoves sprung from their roosts, for the blows
  Were echoing far and wide:
Sir Richard was stark, and Sir Roland was strong;
And the combat was fierce, but it lasted not long.

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,
  There's blood on Sir Richard's brand;
There's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of steel,
  And rain'd on the grassy land;
But blood to a warrior 's like dew to the flower,
The combat but wax'd still more deadly and dour.

A dash was heard in the moonlit Eske,
And up its banks of green
Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek,
And knelt the knights between:
"Oh, spare him, Sir Richard!"—she held her white hands
All spotted with blood 'neath the merciless brands.

Young Roland look'd down on his true love and smiled,
Sir Richard look'd also, and said,
"Curse on them that true love would sunder!"—he sheath'd
With his broad palm his berry-brown blade;
And long may the Selbys, abroad and at hame,
Find a friend and a foe like the good gallant Graeme!

CUNNINGHAM.

The Merry Heart.

I WOULD not from the wise require
The number of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits, light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know 's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now, from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.

Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

CHARLES LAMB.

"Exactly so."

A SPEECH, both pithy and concise,
Marks a mind acute and wise;
What speech, my friend, say, do you know,
Can stand before "Exactly so?"

I have a dear and witty friend
Who turns this phrase to every end;
None can deny that "Yes" or "No"
Is meant in this "Exactly so."

Or when a bore his ear assails,
Good-humour in his bosom fails,
No response from his lips will flow,
Save, now and then, "Exactly so."

Is there remark on matters grave
That he may wish perchance to waive,
Or thinks perhaps is rather slow,
He stops it by "Exactly so."

It saves the trouble of a thought—
No sour dispute can thence be sought;
It leaves the thing in *statu quo*,
This beautiful "Exactly so."

It has another charm this phrase,
For it implies the speaker's praise
Of what has just been said—*ergo*—
It pleases, this "Exactly so."

Nor need the conscience feel distress,
By answ'ring wrongly "No" or "Yes;"
It 'scapes a falsehood, which is low,
And substitutes "Exactly so."

Each mortal loves to think he's right,
That his opinion, too, is bright;
Then, Christian, you may soothe your foe
By chiming in "Exactly so."

Whoe'er these lines may chance peruse,
Of this famed word will see the use,
And mention where'er he may go,
The praises of "Exactly so."

Of this more could my muse relate,
But you, kind reader, I'll not sate;
For if I did you'd cry "Hallo!
I've heard enough"—"Exactly so."

LADY F. HASTINGS.

Address to an Egyptian Mummy.

And thou hast walk'd about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's street three thousand years ago;
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,—
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune:
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame:
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
By oath, to tell the mysteries of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass:
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages!

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But pr'ythee tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house!
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen, what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,

And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown thy dusty cheeks have roll'd.
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning!

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the *soul embalm'd and pure*
In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

The Answer of the Egyptian Mummy.

CHILD of the latter days, thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have roll'd away.
Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye,—
List, then, oh! list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birth-place—an unrivall'd city,
With *many* gates,—but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air;
Oh! I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians—or on him who sung
THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read when I was very young;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.

All that I know about the town of HOMER
Is, that they scarce would own him in his day—
Were glad, too, when he proudly turn'd a roamer,
Because by this they saved their *parish-pay*.
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best;
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high! in sooth, a lofty figure!
Now look at *me*, and tell me am I *bigger?*

Not half the size: but then I'm sadly dwindled;
Three thousand years with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty—there were few
Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel.
Nay, smile not, you and I may soon be equal!

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance:
This heart hath throbb'd at tales of love and woe,
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
This wither'd form inspired the tender passion.

In vain! the skilful hand and feelings warm,
The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
All bow'd at once to death's mysterious will,
Who seal'd me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
And well-dress'd crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
With scarlet flounces and with varnish'd faces;

Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish—all cramm'd together
With ladies that might pass for well-tann'd leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
Who in their day kick'd up a mighty dust,—
Their swarthy Mummies kick'd up dust in numbers,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
At Dido's table when the wondrous tale
Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated?
And ever and anon the Queen turned pale;
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
Threw a wild glare upon her shipwreck'd lover.

Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
Her patient toil? acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs—our Pyramids are thriving,—
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'M surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS and by STEAM!

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
  The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
This and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
  I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—
  But, ah! what's this?—the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
  I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science' self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

MUMMIUS.

The Forging of the Anchor.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 'tis at a white heat now;
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the *windlass* there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe;
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright, the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths, that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow—
"Hurrrah," they shout, "leap out—leap out:" bang, bang, the sledges go;
Hurrah; the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow:
And thick and loud the sinking crowd, at every stroke, pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly Anchor, a bower, thick and broad.

For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road;
The low reef roaring on her lee, the roll of ocean pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea, the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains,
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower still remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns save when ye pitch sky-high,
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime!
But while ye swing your sledges, sing; and let the burden be,
The Anchor is the Anvil King, and royal craftsmen we;
Strike in, strike in, the sparks begin to dull their rustling red!
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;

Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the Yeo-heave-o, and the Heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
Then weighing slow, at eve they go, far, far from love and home,
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom, he darkens down at last,
A shapely one he is and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
A trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary monsters' palaces! methinks what joy 'twere now
To go plump plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foil'd and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish, of bony blade forlorn,
And for the ghastly grinning shark, to laugh his jaws to scorn;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage, for sudden shallow'd miles;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls,
Meanwhile to swing, a buffeting the far-astonish'd shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or haply in a cove,
Shell-strown and consecrate of old to some Undinè's love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-arm'd Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable line:
And night by night 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play;
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave,
A fisher's joy is to destroy,—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that *dripping* band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride, thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Robin Goodfellow.

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this aëry welkin soon,
And in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon:
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,

Or cry,—"Ware goblin!" where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with Ho! ho! ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call on them with me to roam
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else unseen with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it with Ho! ho! ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
And trip and trot about them round;
But if to ride,
My back to stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry, laughing Ho! ho! ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and rich juncates fine,
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine.
And to make sport,
I puff and snort,

And out the candle I do blow:
And maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but Ho! ho! ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still,
I dress their hemp, and spin their tow;
If any walk,
And would me talk,
I wend me, laughing Ho! ho! ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loopholes, where the vermins creep,
Who from their fields and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep:
I spy the gin
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out, laughing Ho! ho! ho!

BEN JONSON.

Can y Tylwyth Teg; or, the Fairies' Song.

From grassy blades, and fenny shades,
My happy comrades hie;
Now day declines, bright Hesper shines,
And night invades the sky.
From noonday pranks, and thymy banks,
To Dolyd's dome repair,
For ours the joy that cannot cloy,
And mortals cannot share.

The light-latch'd door, the well-swept floor,
The hearth so trim and neat,
The blaze so clear, the water near,
The pleasant circling seat,
With proper care your needs prepare,
Your tuneful tabors bring;
And day shall haste to tinge the east,
Ere we shall cease to sing.

But first I'll creep where mortals sleep,
And form the blissful dreams;
I'll hover near the maiden dear,
That keeps the hearth so clean;
I'll show her when that best of men,
So rich in manly charms,
Her Einiou, in vest of blue,
Shall bless her longing arms.

Your little sheaves or primrose leaves,
Your acorns, berries spread;
Let kernels sweet increase the treat,
And flowers their fragrance shed;

And when 'tis o'er we'll crowd the floor,
In jocund pairs advance,
No voice be mute, and each shrill flute,
Shall cheer the mazy dance.

When morning breaks, and man awakes
From sleep's restoring hours,
The flocks, the field, his house we yield,
To his more active powers.
While clad in green, unheard, unseen,
On sunny banks we'll play,
And give to man his little span,
His empire of the day.

OLD SONG.

A Charade.

PRONOUNCED as one letter, and written with three,
Two letters there are, and two only in me;
I am double, am single, am black, blue, and gray,
I am read from both ends, and the same either way,
I am restless and wandering, steady and fix'd,
And you know not one hour what I may be the next;
I melt and I kindle, beseech and defy,
I am watery and moist, I am fiery and dry.
I am scornful and scowling, compassionate, meek,
I am light, I am dark, I am strong, I am weak.
I am sluggish and dead, I am lively and bright,
I am sharp, I am flat, I am left, I am right.
I am piercing and clear, I am heavy and dull,
Expressive and languid, contracted and full,

I am careless and vacant, I search and I pry,
And judge, and decide, and examine, and try.
I'm a globe, and a mirror, a window, a door,
An index, an organ, and fifty things more.
I belong to all animals under the sun,
And to those which were long understood to have none.
By some I am said to exist in the mind,
And am found in potatoes, and needles, and wind.
Three jackets I own, of glass, water, and horn,
And I wore them all three on the day I was born.
I am cover'd quite snug, have a lid and a fringe,
Yet I move every way on invisible hinge.
A pupil I have, a most whimsical wight,
Who is little by day, and grows big in the night,
Whom I cherish with care as part of myself,
For in truth I depend on this delicate elf,
Who collects all my food, and with wonderful knack,
Throws it into a net which I keep at my back;
And, though heels over head it arrives, in a trice
It is sent up to table all proper and nice.
I am spoken of sometimes as if I were glass,
But then it is false, and the trick will not pass.
A blow makes me run though I have not a limb;
Though I neither have fins nor a bladder, I swim.
Like many more couples, my partner and I
At times will look cross at each other and shy;
Yet still, though we differ in what we're about,
One will do all the work when the other is out.
I am least apt to cry, as they always remark,
When trimm'd with good lashes, or kept in the dark.

Should I fret and be heated they put me to bed,
And leave me to cool upon water and bread.
But if harden'd I grow they make use of the knife
Lest an obstinate humour endanger my life.
Or you may, though the treatment appears to be rough,
Run a spit through my side and with safety enough.
Like boys who are fond of the fruit and their play,
I am seen with my ball and my apple all day.
My belt is a rainbow, I reel and I dance,
I am said to retire, though I never advance.
I am read by physicians as one of their books,
And am used by the ladies to fasten their hooks.
My language is plain, though it cannot be heard,
And I speak without ever pronouncing a word.
Some call me a diamond; some say I am jet;
Others talk of my water, or how I am set.
I'm a borough in England, in Scotland a stream,
And an isle of the sea in the Irishman's dream.
The earth without me would no loveliness wear,
And sun, moon, and stars, at my wish disappear;
Yet so frail is my tenure, so brittle my joy,
That a speck gives me pain, and a drop can destroy.

OCULUS.

Robin Hood.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall

Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more,
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time in June
You may go with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you;
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone the song of Gamelyn;

Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "greenè shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest-days,
She would weep and he would craze,
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas:
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honour to the old bow-string!
Honour to the bugle-horn!
Honour to the woods unshorn!
Honour to the Lincoln-green!
Honour to the archer keen!
Honour to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underwood!
Honour to Maid Marian,
And to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

KEATS.

Hatich and Hattich;

OR,

A BIRD IN THE HAND'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters well known in the land,
Their names are "I-have" and O-had-I;"
"I-have" will come tamely, and perch on your hand;
But "O-had-I" will mock you most sadly.

"I-have" at first sight is less fair to the eye;
But his worth is by far most enduring
Than a thousand "O-had-Is," that sit far and high
On roofs and on trees so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you "Be cheery! be cheery!"
O, merrily then will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be when weary.

But let an "O-had-I" once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die,
Life long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill;
Now racing, now panting choice and creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird at his will
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man who attends to my song,
Will count his "I-have" a choice treasure;
And whene'er an "O-had-I" comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

LANGBEIN.

To J. H.,

FOUR YEARS OLD.—A NURSERY SONG.

Ah! little ranting Johnny!
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing "nonny, nonny,"
With hat just thrown upon ye;
Or whistling like the thrushes
With voice in silver gushes;
Or twisting random posies
With daisies, weeds, and roses;
And strutting in and out so,
Or dancing all about so,
With cock-up nose so lightsome,
And sidelong eyes so brightsome,
And cheeks as ripe as apples,
And head as rough as Dapple's,
And mouth that smiles so truly,
Heav'n seems t' have made it newly,
It breaks into such sweetness,
With merry-tipped completeness.
One cannot turn a minute,
But mischief—there, you're in it!

A getting at my books, John,
With mighty bustling looks, John,
Or poking at the roses,
In midst of which your nose is;
Or climbing on a table,
No matter how unstable;
And turning up your quaint eye
And half-shut teeth, with "Mayn't I?"
Or else you're off at play, John,
Just as you'd be all day, John,
With hat or not, as happens,
And there you dance, and clap hands,
Or on the grass go rolling,
Or plucking flowers, or bowling,
And getting me expenses
With losing balls o'er fences;
Or,—as the constant trade is,—
Are fondled by the ladies
With "What a young rogue this is!"
Reforming him with kisses;
Till suddenly you cry out,
As if you had an eye out,
So desperately tearful,
The sound is really fearful;
When lo! directly after,
It bubbles into laughter.

Ah, rogue! and do you know, John,
Why 'tis we love you so, John?
And how it is they let ye
Do what they like, and pet ye,
Though all who look upon ye
Exclaim, "Ah, Johnny, Johnny!"

It is because you please 'em
Still more, John, than you tease 'em;
Because, too, when not present,
The thought of you is pleasant;
Because, though such an elf, John,
They think that if yourself, John,
Had something to condemn too,
You'd be as kind to them too:
In short, because you're very
Good-temper'd, Jack, and merry,
And are as quick at giving
As easy at receiving;
And in the midst of pleasure
Are certain to find leisure
To think, my boy, of ours,
And bring us lumps of flowers.

But see the sun shines brightly;
Come, put your hat on rightly,
And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the thrushes,
And see what flowers the weather
Has render'd fit to gather;
And when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue, you;
Your hat adorn'd with fine leaves,
Horse-chestnut, oak, and vine-leaves;
And so, with green o'erhead, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John.

LEIGH HUNT.

The Ass and the Flute.

You must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
Be it dull, be it witty,
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain inclosure,
Not far from my manse,
An ass with composure
Was passing by chance.

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's flute lying,
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started,
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, sir,
Drew music for once;
It entered the flute, sir,
And blew it by chance.

"Ah!" cried he, in wonder,
"How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?'

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.

YRIARTE.

The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell in the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;

The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd around,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean queen;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"Oh, Christ, it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY.

A Fragment from the "Birds" of Aristophanes.

The Hoopoe summons the rest of the birds to a general assembly to hear Peisthetærus expound his plan for building a Bird-City.

PEISTHETÆRUS. How will you call them hither?
HOOPOE. Easily.
I'll go at once to yonder copse, and rouse
My nightingale, and we will summon them.
And when they hear the voices of us twain
They'll run to meet us at their utmost speed.
PEISTHETÆRUS. Dearest of birds, then tarry not a moment,
But prithee speed thy quickest to the copse—
Go in and waken up the nightingale.
HOOPOE. Come, partner mine, cease slumbering now,
And let thy holiest music flow;
The strains that through thy lips divine
Thou pour'st for loss of mine and thine,
Lamenting one to both so dear,
Itys, bewail'd with many a tear,
Pouring from out thy thrilling throat
The liquid and melodious note—
The pure strain speeds through leafy grove
Of yew trees to the seat of Jove,
Where Phœbus with the golden hair,
'Tis lyre, *inlaid* with ivory fair,

Responsive strikes to plaining love,
And bids the gods in dances move.
Then from immortal lips is sent,
Symphonious with thy murmurs blent,
A burst of heavenly harmony,
The music of the blest on high.

PEISTHETÆRUS. O royal Jove! how ravishing that bird's note—
It bathes the copse with richly honied strain.

EUELPIDES. I say.

PEISTHETÆRUS. What now?

EUELPIDES. Won't you be quiet?

PEISTHETÆRUS. Why?

EUELPIDES. The Hoopoe seems about to sing again.

HOOPOE. Come away! Come away!
Come away! Come away!
Come hither my comrades of every feather,
Come hither all ye who in flocks fly together;
Come ye who thrive best in the husbandman's fields,
And feast on the grain that his good tillage yields:
Ye myriads of tribes that on barley-corns feed,
And swift-flying races that revel in seed,
Who, fast as ye flit,
A soft warble emit:
And ye who in flocks seek the furrow
And caw with delight as ye burrow,
And soberly plod
O'er each mouldering clod—
With a twit-twit-twitter, I twitter my lay,
Come away from the fields, come away, come away!
Come ye who seek the marshy flats,
Intent to swallow stinging gnats;

Who in moist plashy places feed,
And Marathon's delightful mead—
Come bird of pied and painted wing,
Shy wildfowl, join our gathering;
And tribes that with the halcyons sweep
Along the billows of the deep—
Come hither, come, your courses change
To hear of something new and strange.
For here we gather: to this place
Flock long-neck'd birds of every race.
For there's a certain shrewd old man
Arrived, with many a novel plan;
He deals in notions fresh and new,
And aims at novel actions too.

Then come and talk over the matter together,
Come all of you, come, birds of every feather.
Tiraloo! Tiraloo!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!

GEORGE E. SHIRLEY.

Harvest Song.

COME, leave the mill, throw down the flail,
And taste our country cheer;
The Autumn's yellow sheaves are stored,
And plenty presses on our board,
We've had a glorious year!—
Away with grief, away with care!
For one glad hour at least we'll share

Life's joyous cup together;
Love shall look on with radiant face,
And friendship join in fond embrace,
Like flowers amid the heather.

A song, a song for Harvest Home—
Strike up, my boys and maids!
We'll make our woodland arches ring,
Like ancient minstrels aye we'll sing
Within the forest glades;—
But first a thankful hymn of praise,
With hearts and voices too, we'll raise
To all-benignant Heaven—
To Him who crowns the year with good,
Who giveth e'en the ravens food,
To Him all praise be given!

The mountain's base is hid in mist,
There's sunlight up above;
And all the clouds which gird us round,
Shall aye like mountain mists be found,
Or shadows in a grove;
Without the shade, without the sun,—
In vain you strive to keep the one,
And part with its twin-brother!
Thank God for both—for joys and woes—
He knows our griefs, our bliss He knows,
And blends one with the other.

And if pain come some future day,
And come it must and will;
That's not a cause for present grief—
A vain foreboding's no relief—
Let us be happy still!

Come, boy! and broach the cask of ale,
'Tis large, but trust me, we'll not fail
To send it empty back;—
Don't laugh, my man, if you and I
And twenty stout hearts like us try,
We'll do it in a crack!

And now a dance upon the green,
The old ones can sit by;—
No nonsense! come, my lads and mate,
What! partners for all girls but Kate!—
Well then I'll even try;
Strike up the fiddle and away!
Strike up—I'm growing young to-day!
The old wife laughs—well, let her!
I doubt if twenty years ago,
When first we married,—more's the woe,—
I could have tripp'd it better.

But see the shades of evening fall,
The nights are damp and cold;
Away then where the faggots burn,
And each and all of us by turn,
Shall tell a tale of old;
Of knights who joust beneath the trees,
Of fairies floating on the breeze;
Or else a quaint love-ditty.
And wife, you must not scold or frown,
I'm thinking of a bran-new gown
For my young partner, Kitty.

DENNIS.

Ginevra.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket, (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine,)
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim, at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,

As though she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carv'd by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remain'd to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks, the favourite theme of tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

Now frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived, and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were pass'd, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perish'd—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra!" There then had she found a grave
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever.

ROGERS

New Year's Day in Paris [1].

SINCE first the sun upon us shone,
A year succeeds the year that's gone,
This day by universal law
So great, we'll try to draw,
Without a single flaw,
That all who see the sketch may say,
This surely must be New Year's Day.

No sooner day begins to break,
Than all Parisians are awake,
The bells of every story ring:
Here some one calls to bring
Some very pretty thing,

[1] In Paris the practice of making visits—not without a] sent—on New Year's Day—every body to every body—on or no pretext, is universal and compulsory. The Parisians *beginning* to get quite restive under this heavy tax on t *purses, patience,* and good manners.

Some only visits come to pay—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

As early as the sun's first light,
Solette, who has not slept all night,
  Gets up for all her gifts!—ah, ha!—
  Here comes a thimble from mamma,
  And here six francs from dear papa,
From grandma, books to make her pray—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

The banker early in the morn,
Brings gems, his Chloris to adorn;
  His clerk, though not so rich, takes care
  To bring some present rare
  Unto his lady fair;
And so he—puts his watch away—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

To some we haste, when we've no doubt,
That when we call they will be out,
  At once to the concierge we go:
  "What not at home then!"—"No,"
  "Alas! you vex me so!"
We leave our names and walk away—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

Now friends grown cool are cool no more,
But seem as hearty as before,—
  The method is not dear—a pound
  Of sugar plums is found,
  For many a social wound,
The best of remedies they say,
And such they give on New Year's Day.

To yonder man direct your eyes,
Who ever bargains—never buys,—
  Takes down—hooks up—peeps here, peeps
    there,
  With such such a solemn air,
  Now hurries off elsewhere,
That he the self-same game may play—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

Now nephews who'd inherit all,
Upon their uncle love to call;
  To see him well is their delight;
  But with his wealth in sight,
  They hug him;—oh, so tight!
They almost squeeze his life away—
This surely must be New Year's Day.

The tender swain who does not care
To buy fine trinkets for his fair,
  At Christmas time, to save expense,
  For coolness finds pretence;
  His love will recommence
Next month—till then he stops away
This surely must be New Year's Day.

When all the handsome things are said,
And wishes utter'd, presents made,
  Each visitor goes home at last;
  And when an hour has past,
  Mourns money spent too fast,
And time and trouble thrown away—
Yes, surely this is New Year's Day.

Puns.

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn
to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a
pun:
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple
an offence
It is to make the self-same sound afford a double
sense.

For instance, ale may make you ail, your aunt an
ant may kill,
You in a vale may buy a veil, and Bill may pay the
bill,
Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover, it
may be,
A peer appears upon the pier, who blind still goes
to sea.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends
accept our greeting,
'Tis meet that men who meet to eat should eat their
meat when meeting;
Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from
boar prepared;
Nor can the fowl, on which we feed, foul feeding
be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a pear, and yet be pared
again,
And still be one which seemeth rare until we do ex-
plain;

It therefore should be all your aim to speak with
ample care;
For who, however fond of game, would choose to
swallow hair?

A fat man's gait may make us smile, who have no
gate to close;
The farmer sitting on his stile no stylish person
knows;
Perfumers men of scents must be; some Scilly men
are bright;
A brown man oft deep read we see, a black a wicked
wight.

Most wealthy men good manors have, however
vulgar they:
And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they
play:
So poets can't the baize obtain, unless their tailors
choose;
While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each
evening seek the mews.

The dyer who by dyeing lives, a dire life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from
his panes:
By gardeners thyme is tied 'tis true, when spring is
in its prime:
But time and tide won't wait for you, if you are
tied for time.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make
a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years, should
sedulously shun:

The fault admits of no defence: for wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the sound for sense; the sense is never sound.

So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove,
And just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love:
In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let you go unpunish'd for a pun!

THEODORE HOOK.

The Cataract of Lodore.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy ask'd me
Thus once on a time;
And moreover he task'd me
To tell him in rhyme,
Anon at the word,
Then first came one daughter
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,

With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation,
For their recreation,
That so I should sing;
Because I was laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake;
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around,
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,

And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning.

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering.

Dividing, and gliding, and sliding,
And falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving, and striving,
And sprinkling, and twinkling, and wrinkling,
And sounding, and bounding, and rounding,
And bubbling, and troubling, and doubling,
And grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling,
And clattering, and battering, and shattering.

Retreating, and beating, and meeting, and sheeting,
Delaying, and straying, and playing, and spraying,
Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,
And gleaming, and streaming, and steaming, and beaming,
And rushing, and flushing, and brushing, and gushing,
And flapping, and rapping, and clapping, and slapping,
And curling, and whirling, and purling, and twirling,
And thumping, and plumping, and bumping, and jumping,
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

The Bugle Song.

THE splendour falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle—answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky!
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Pounder[1].

THE Christians have beleaguer'd the famous walls of Xeres:
Among them are Don Alvar, and Don Diego Perez,

[1] Mr. Lockhart, in his note to this ballad, informs us that it relates to a doughty knight of the family, and most probably a brother, of the renowned Garcia Perez de Vargas, whose story is thus alluded to by Don Quixote in the Chapter of the Windmills:—"I tell this, because I intend to tear up the next oak or holm-tree we meet; with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such deeds, that thou wilt esteem thyself happy in having had the honour to behold them, and been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce *be able to* believe." "Heaven grant you may!" cried Sancho. "*I believe it* all, because your worship says it."

And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of
Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path
of Perez:
No knight like Don Diego—no sword like his is
found
In all the host, to hew the boast of Paynims to the
ground.

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the
plain,
Diego shiver'd both his lance and trusty blade in
twain:
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none
was near
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or
spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was
his eye,
But by God's grace, before his face there stood a
tree full nigh—
An olive-tree, with branches strong, close by the
wall of Xeres:
"Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow," quoth
Don Diego Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from
that olive strong,
Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he sw[redacted]
among the throng:

God wot! full many a pagan must in his saddle reel:
What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that weight ye feel?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, "I've seen some flail-arm'd man belabour barley so:
Sure mortal mould did ne'er enfold such mastery of power—
Let's call Diego Perez the Pounder from this hour."

LOCKHART.

The Wood.

WHENCE is the secret charm of this lone wood,
Which in the light of evening mildly sleeps?
I tread with lingering feet the quiet steeps,
Where thwarted oaks o'er their own old age brood;
And where the gentler trees in summer weather
Spring up all greenly in their youth together:
And the grass is dwelling in a silent mood,
And the fir-like fern its under-forest keeps
In a strange stillness. My wing'd spirit sweeps
Forth as it hath been wont; nor stays with me,
Like some domestic thing that loves its home.
It goes a-dreaming o'er the imagery
Of other scenes, which from afar do come,
Watching them with this indolent solitude.

Here; I am dwelling in the days gone by—
And under trees which I have known before:
My heart with feelings old is running o'er
And I am thrill'd—thrill'd at an evening sky
The present seems a mockery of the past,
And all my thoughts glide by me, like a stream
That seeks a home,—that shines beneath the beam
Of the summer sun,—and wanders through sweet meads,
In which the joyous wildflower meekly feeds,—
And strays, and wastes away in woods at last.
My thoughts o'er many things glance silently;
But to this olden forest creep, and cling fast.
Imagination, ever wild and free,
With heart as open as the naked sea,
Can consecrate whate'er it looks upon:
And memory, that maiden never alone,
Cons o'er the tale of life. While I can see
This blue, deep sky—that sun so proudly setting
In the haughty west—that spring patiently wetting
The shadowy dell—these trees so tall and fair,
That have no visitors but the birds and air;
And hear those leaves a gentle murmur keep,
Like brooks that make soft music in their sleep;
The melting of young waters in the dells,
The jingle of the loose flock's lulling bells;
While these all mingling o'er my senses sweep,
I need not doubt but I shall ever find
Things, that will feed the cravings of my mind.
My happiest hours were pass'd with those I love
On steeps; in dells with shadowy trees above;

And therefore it may be my soul ne'er sleeps,
When it is in a pastoral solitude;
And such may be the charm of this lone wood,
Which in the light of evening sweetly sleeps.

HAMILTON.

The Old Scottish Cavalier[1].

COME, listen to another song,
Should make your heart beat high,
Bring crimson to your forehead,
And the lustre to your eye;—
It is a song of olden time,
Of days long since gone by,
And of a baron stout and bold
As e'er wore sword on thigh:
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time.

[1] The hero of this spirited poem is Alexander Forbes Lord Pitsligo, whom Professor Aytoun, in his introduction to the song, calls "the best type of the Lowland cavalier of the period" (1715—1760). The professor goes on to inform us that Lord Pitsligo having been educated abroad and early introduced to the circle at St. Germain's, conceived a deep personal attachment to the members of the exiled line, that he was the intimate friend of Fénélon, and throughout his whole life was remarkable rather for his piety and virtue than for keenness in political dispute. Upon the death of Queen Anne he joined himself in arms with a general insurrection of the Highlanders and Jacobites, headed by the Earl of Mar. On the dissolution of this confederacy Lord Pitsligo, with others, was compelled to fly abroad and remained in exile five or six years. He returned

He kept his castle in the north,
Hard by the thundering Spey:
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,
All of his kindred they.
And not a man of all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the royal race they loved so well,
Though exiled far away
From the stedfast Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time.

His father drew the righteous sword
For Scotland and her claims,
Among the royal gentlemen
And chiefs of ancient names

to Scotland in 1720, and resided at his castle in Aberdeenshire, not mingling in public affairs but gaining, through his charity, kindness, and benevolence, the respect and affection of all around him. He was sixty-seven years of age when Charles Edward landed in Scotland, and after considerable hesitation he determined to put himself at the head of the Jacobite gentry of his neighbourhood. They formed a body of well-armed cavalry, gentlemen and their servants, to the number of a hundred men. When they were drawn up in readiness to commence the expedition, the venerable nobleman their leader moved to their front, lifted his hat and looking up to heaven pronounced with a solemn voice the awful appeal "O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just!" then added the signal for departure, "March, gentlemen!" After Culloden he became like many more a fugitive and an outlaw; but he succeeded like the Baron of Bradwardine in finding a shelter upon the skirts of his own estate. For ten years he remained concealed, and his adventures and escapes are rather more romantic and extraordinary than those of other Jacobite gentlemen. After the lapse of many years he was permitted to remain without molestation at the residence of his son, where he died in 1762, at the age of 85 *The whole of Professor* Aytoun's note will repay perusal.

Who swore to fight, or fall beneath
The standard of King James,
And died at Killiecrankie pass
With the glory of the Græmes;
Like a fine old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time.

He never own'd the foreign rule,
No master he obey'd,
But kept his clan in peace at home,
From foray and from raid;
And when they ask'd him for his oath,
He touch'd his glittering blade,
And pointed to his bonnet blue,
That bore the white cockade:
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time.

At length the news ran through the land—
The prince had come again!
That night the fiery cross was sped
O'er mountain and through glen;
And our old baron rose in might,
Like a lion from his den,
And rode away across the hills
To Charlie and his men,
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,
All of the olden time.

He was the first that bent the knee
When the standard waved abroad,
He was the first that charged the foe
On Preston's bloody sod;

And ever in the van of fight,
The foremost still he trod,
Until on bleak Culloden's heath,
He gave his soul to God,
Like a good old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time.

Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have pass'd away,
And weary are the new:
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious bed bedew
Of the last old Scottish cavalier,
All of the olden time.

AYTOUN.

The Sailor's Consolation.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slew'd his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now!
Lord help 'em how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now.

"Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have oftimes heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

The Lass of Preston-mill.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
  The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
  Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tops of down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
  The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
When I met among the hawthorns green
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass
  Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks
  Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
  Her lips had words and wit at will,
And heaven seem'd looking through her e'en,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, "Fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
  Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
  Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
I have look'd long for a weel-faur'd lass,
  By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill"—
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
  The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

said, "Sweet maiden, look not down,
But gie's a kiss, and come with me;"
A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
The tears were dropping from her e'e.
"I hae a lad who's far awa,
That well could win a woman's will;
My heart's already full of love,"
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

"Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
And seek for love in a far countree?"
Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dews;
I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.
I took a kiss o' her comely cheek—
"For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
My heart is full of other love,"
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watery e'e—
"Sae lang 's my heart kens aught o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
Till my last drop of blood be still,
My heart shall haud nae other love,"
Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.

O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale and hill,
But there's ae light puts them all out,—
The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

CUNNINGHAM.

The Frost.

THE Frost look'd forth, one still clear night,
And whisper'd, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way:
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powder'd its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dress'd
In diamond-beads—and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he slept,
By the light of the moon were seen

Most beautiful things:—there were flowers and
trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking."

MISS GOULD.

Daily Work.

Who lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do, and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! We only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate,
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain
For age and pain,
A fraction; we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth, and weigh our powers:
The more we work the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him who o'er his task
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks
His independence as a MAN!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done
To read his book,
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil,

For fair reward, erect and free:
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

CHARLES MACKAY.

He that Loves a Rosy Cheek.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain its fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

THOMAS CAREW.

Sir Marmaduke.

Sir Marmaduke was a hearty knight;
Good man! old man!
He's painted standing bolt upright,
With his hose roll'd over his knee;

His periwig's as white as chalk,
And on his fist he holds a hawk,
  And he looks like the head
    Of an ancient family.

His dining-room was long and wide;
    Good man! old man!
His spaniels lay by the fireside;—
  And in other parts d'ye see
Cross bows, tobacco pipes, old hats,
A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats!
  And he look'd like the head
    Of an ancient family.

He never turn'd the poor from the gate;
    Good man! old man!
But was always ready to break the pate
  Of his country's enemy.
What knight could do a better thing
Than serve the poor, and fight for his king?
  And so may every head
    Of an ancient family.

COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

The Barley-mowers' Song.

Barley-mowers, here we stand,
One, two, three, a steady band;
True of heart, and strong of limb,
Ready in our harvest trim;
All a-row with spirits blithe,
Now we whet the bended scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Side by side, now bending low,
Down the swaths of barley go,
Stroke by stroke, as true's the chime
Of the bells, we keep in time;
Then we whet the ringing scythe,
Standing 'mong the barley lithe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Barley-mowers must be true,
Keeping still the end in view,
One with all, and all with one,
Working on till set of sun,
Bending all with spirits blithe,
Whetting all at once the scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Day and night, and night and day,
Time, the mower, will not stay;
We may hear him in our path
By the falling barley swath;
While we sing with voices blithe,
We may hear his ringing scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Time, the mower, cuts down all,
High and low, and great and small
Learn we then for him to grow
Ready, like the field we mow,
Like the bending barley lithe,
Ready for the whetted scythe,
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

MARY HOWITT.

A Vision of the Crystal Palace.

(*10th June*, 1854.)

THERE are things more frail than visions, there are
falser words than dreams
Bring, unchallenged, wildly mingling strangest with
most common themes;
But I know not, as each Master laid his gift before
the throne,
If I thought the thought of myriads, or my fancy
stray'd alone.

Marching came a swarth procession, mustering from
the banks of Nile,
Abject-eyed believers, marshall'd by stern priests
with eyes of guile.
And with mystic types and symbols were their
garments studded o'er,
And the awful veil of Isis was the banner that they
bore.

Following trod a prouder army, striding on with
martial tread,
From a City, lost for ages, that hath yielded up her
dead.
And a grim and giant Monster stalking fiercely in
the van,
'Twas a wingèd Beast—more dreadful that it wore
the face of man.

Next a graceful throng went by me, from a classic
region fair,
Chisell'd features, flowing garments, laurel wreaths
in golden hair;
And a God and Goddess led them, glorious types
of War and Peace,
Neptune and Minerva ever watching o'er their
well loved Greece.

From their seven-hill'd home eternal, then the
haughty Swordsmen came,
Lictor's fasces, gory axe-head, and the she-wolf's
glance of flame,
And four ever famous Letters borne on high in
that array,
Told a world that Rome was present—proudly bade
the world obey.

Whose luxurious pomp succeeds them, who in
smiling throng advance,
Glistening in that flowery raiment, tripping as to
feast and dance?
So they glisten'd, so they revell'd, so was struck
the sparkling lyre,
On the day Pompeii perish'd, shrieking in yon
mountain's fire.

Some come mourning, come as those whose brightest
day hath shone and fled,
Are they from Byzantium's rampart, where a hero-
king lies dead—
From the noblest fane that glows beneath an
oriental sky—
Raised to Christian Wisdom—bearing now the
symbol of a Lie.

Came the Church in purple glory and a wealth of
gems and gold,
Steel-clad knights in soldier-splendour, banners of
emblazon'd fold,
Armourer, herald, jester, hawker, planet-reader,
squire, and page,
Chivalry's thrice gorgeous chapter from her proudest
Middle Age.

Art's procession followed, calmly, lofty as their
port should be,
Who had dash'd down feudal shackles, and pro-
claim'd that Art is free.
Gazing on their deeds of beauty, who but scorns
the bigot prate,
That assails their noble mission with a Goth's
fantastic hate?

What a glorious train came after, every lofty face
a Fame,
All whose Thought our age inherits, or our age
itself shall claim.
Those whose names, in self-made light, are burning
still on honour's scrolls,
Those to whom the world is debtor—shall be debtor
while it rolls.

But what thunder wave of music comes in grandeur
surging out?
Never yet ascended Homage in a nobler, mightier
shout,
Fancy's visions instant scatter—sense itself is
growing dim,
As all space seems tiding over with that rushing,
whelming hymn.

"What!" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what!
D'ye mock me? t-take you that!"
"Huh! mock me!" quoth Hob, amain,
"So t-t-take you that again!"
Then to't they fell, in furious plight,
While each one thought himself in th' right;
And, if you dare believe my song,
They likewise thought each other wrong.
The battle o'er, and somewhat cool,
Each half suspects himself a fool;
For when to choler folks incline 'em,
Your *argumentum baculinum*,
Administer'd in dose terrific,
Was ever held a grand specific!

Each word the combatants now utter'd
Conviction brought that both dolts stutter'd,
Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—
Would anger deign to sign a truce
Till reason could discover truly
Why this mad madam were unruly,
So well she would explain their words,
Men little use would find for swords.

The Burning of Drury Lane Theatre[1].

As CHAOS which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes;
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The playhouse is in flames."
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane;

[1] Forty-four years have elapsed since these lines were written; and some of our very young readers may, therefore, be fairly excused not being quite *au fait* to the circumstances under which they originally appeared, and of which for their benefit we give an outline. The present theatre of Drury Lane had been just rebuilt on the site of the former building, which had been burned down. The committee (for the re-building) in order to inaugurate the opening of the new theatre with due *éclat*, had issued an advertisement, throwing open to competition the address to be spoken on the occasion. Two brothers, Horace and James Smith, conceived the idea of making a group of such addresses—supposed to have been sent in to the committee, and rejected—the vehicle for a set of humourous parodies on the works of the most eminent authors. The result was a little volume of some 139 pages, containing capital imitations of Byron, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Dr. Johnson, Cobbett, and others. The lines selected above are from one of the best, "A Tale of Drury Lane," by W. S. (Sir Walter Scott).

Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguin'd drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The ticket porter's house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.
Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across red Thames's gleaming tide.
To distant fields the blaze was borne,
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his pond'rous hobnail'd shoes,
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;

Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced.

And one, the leader of the band,
From Charing Cross along the Strand,
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar Yard.
The burning badge his shoulder bore,
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,
The cane he had, his men to bang,
Show'd foreman of the British gang.
His name was Higginbottom; now
'Tis meet that I should tell you how
The others came in view:
The Hand-in-Hand the race begun,
Then came the Phœnix and the Sun,
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,
The Eagle, where the new;
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,
Robins from Hockley in the Hole,
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,
Crump from St. Giles's Pound:
Whitford and Mitford join'd the train,
Huggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain
Before the plug was found.

Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,
But ah! no trophy could they reap,
For both were in the Donjon Keep
Of Bridewell's gloomy mound!

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen terrified are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For lo! the blazing, rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from the astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"

And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!

Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight o'erwhelm'd him quite,
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps,
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Ancient Hunting Song.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!
The birds they sing,
The deer they fling,
Hey nonny, nony, no;
The hounds they cry,
The hunters fly,
Hey trolilo, trololilo!
The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

The wood resounds
To hear the sounds,
Hey nonny, nony, no;
The rocks report
This merry sport,
Hey trolilo, trololilo!
The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

Then hie apace
Unto the chase,
Hey nonny, nony, no;
While every thing
Doth sweetly sing,
Hey trolilo, trololilo!
The hunt is up, the hunt is up!
Sing merrily we, the hunt is up!

A Lay of Fairy Land.

It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun,
That to Glenmore's black forest-side a shepherdess hath gone,
From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock,
And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.

Her widow-mother wept to hear her whisper'd prayer so sweet,
Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet;
And thought, "While thou art praising God amid the hills so calm,
Far off this broken voice, my child, will join the morning psalm."

So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid,
And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland maid;
In heaven the stars are all bedimm'd, but in its dewy mirth
A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth,

In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done,
For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun;
The mother through her lonely door looks forth unto the green,
Yet the shadow of her shepherdess is no where to be seen.

Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear—
"Oh! why so late?"—a footstep—and she knows her child is near;
So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes,
And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.

The heather-balm is fragrant, the heather-bloom is fair,
But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair;
Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes,
That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dyes.

These flowers, by far too beautiful among our hills to grow,
These gem-crown'd stalks, too tender to bear one flake of snow:
Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band,
That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some fair foreign land.

"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar stone,
And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone?
And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see?
Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."

"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell."
And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell;
It seem'd as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore,
Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beam'd of yore.

"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell
On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell;
Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed,
And I took out the Holy Book, and thereupon did read.

"And while that I was reading of Him who for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing o'er and o'er,
In Abernethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark Glenmore.

"'Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself, to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that waver'd o'er my head,
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the happy dead.

"I look'd up from my Bible, and lo! before me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of the Wood;
Silent she was, and motionless, but when her eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was so divine.

"She laid her hand as soft as light upon your daughter's hair,
And up that white arm flowed my heart into her bosom fair;
And all at once I loved her well, as she my mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy Land, and was the Fairy Queen."

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many a hopeless year;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage shape that
on the mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the
heather bells,
And others said the river red had caught her in
her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the unseen
sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a mother
only knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy finds
repose;
By day she feels the dismal truth that death has
ta'en her child,
At night she hears her singing still, and dancing
o'er the wild.

And then her country's legends lend all their lovely
faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land of
death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living child
doth play
With those fair elves that wafted her from her own
world away.

"Look not so mournful, mother; 'tis not a tale of
woe—
The Fairy Queen stoop'd down, and left a kiss upon
my brow,
And faster than mine own two doves e'er stoop'd
unto my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we drop
on Fairy Land.

"Along a river-side that ran wide-winding through a wood,
We walked, the Fairy Queen and I, in loving solitude;
And there serenely on the trees, in all their rich attire,
Sat crested birds, whose plumage seem'd to burn with harmless fire.

"No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether mute,—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath the gliding foot,
Till we came to a waterfall, and 'mid the rainbows there
The mermaids and the fairies played in water and in air.

"And sure there was sweet singing, for it at once did breathe
From all the woods and waters, and from the caves beneath;
But when those happy creatures beheld their lovely Queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er had been.

"And hovering in the rainbow, and floating on the wave,
Each little head so beautiful, some show of homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that glisten'd in its dew,
Seem'd as the sun ten thousand rays against the water threw.

"Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind;
Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye that brightening stream,
Till lo! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening on the hill,
When I was but a little child too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent land!
But the gates of that bright palace did suddenly expand,
And fill'd with green-rob'd fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

"Round her in happy heavings flow'd that bright and glistering crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,
And o'er their plumed and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,
When, as before their Queen, all sank down slowly on their knees.

"'Then,' said the Queen, 'seven years to-day since
mine own infant's birth—
And we must send her Nourice this evening back to
earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun, far other
home than this,
So I have brought her sister small to see her in
her bliss.

"'Quhana, bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's
brow,
That she on earth may show the flowers that in
our gardens grow.'
And from the heavenly odours breathed around my
head I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful
their hue!

"Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of
laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her
white twinkling feet,
While in green rows the smiling elves fell back on
either side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sunbeam
glide.

"But who came there into the hall?—one long
since mourn'd as dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o'er such a
star-like head!
On me alone she pour'd her voice, on me alone her
eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep blue
cloudless skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister, and her unforgotten face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,
You well may think another shower straightway began to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave that heavenly hall!

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her Fairy in despair,
But promised duly every year to visit the sad child,
As soon as by the forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the palace it was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the Great Burial Stone;
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngoun in his own silent sky."

The child hath long been speaking to one who may
not hear,
For a deadly joy came suddenly upon a deadly fear,
And though the mother fell not down, she lay on
Mhairi's breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul
has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the elder-shade in that long mortal
swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down the
gentle moon;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees she
at her side,
But her believed in childhood to have wandered off
and died!

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water from
the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from an
angel's wing,
And to her mother's pale lips her rosy lips are laid,
While these long soft eyelashes drop tears on her
hoary head.

She stirs not in her child's embrace, but yields her
old grey hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly
breath of prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her child till that strong
fit go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then upon
the sky.

The Sabbath-morn was beautiful—and the long
Sabbath-day—
The evening-star rose beautiful when daylight died
away.
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone glen flow'd over
with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal joy hath bless'd the
Sabbath-night.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

A Harvest Song.

SICKLES sound; on the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall
Every maiden's bonnet has blue blossoms on it—
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing
Every lisping thing;
Man and master meet:
From one dish they eat;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily.
Now they mow; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee!

Now the blisses,
Now the kisses—
Now the wit doth flow,
Till the beer is out;
Then with song and shout,
Hence they go, yo ho!

HOLTY.

The First White Tress.

A SILVER tress is 'mid thy hair,
I never saw before,
The first that time hath woven there
To warn thee youth is o'er.

But think not I can love thee less,
Because thy youth departs;
Ah! no, that little silver tress
More closely binds our hearts.

It is decreed that youth must pass,
Why should it be deplored?
For in our child (as in a glass)
I see thy charms restored.

Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face,
And nut-brown is her hair:
Like thine, sweet love, ere I could trace
One tress of silver there.

MARK LEMON.

Christmas comes but once a year.

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime,
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung,
Shaking the tall, grey, ivied tower
With all their deep melodious power;
They still proclaim to every ear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

And he came singing through the woods,
And pluck'd the holly bright and green;
Pull'd here and there the ivy buds;
Was sometimes hidden, sometimes seen—
Half buried 'neath the mistletoe,
His long beard hung with flakes of snow;
And still he ever caroll'd clear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

The hall was then with holly crown'd,
'Twas on the wild-deer's antlers placed;
It hemm'd the batter'd armour round,
And every ancient trophy graced.

R

It deck'd the boar's head, tusk'd and grim,
The wassail bowl wreath'd to the brim:
A summer green hung every where,
For Christmas came but once a year.

His jaded steed the armed knight
  Rein'd up before the abbey gate;
By all assisted to alight,
  From humble monk to abbot great.
They placed his lance behind the door,
His armour on the rush-strewn floor;
And then brought out the best of cheer,
For Christmas came but once a year.

The maiden then, in quaint attire,
  Loosed from her head the silken hood,
And danced before the yule-clog fire—
  The crackling monarch of the wood.
Helmet and shield flash'd back the blaze,
In lines of light, like summer rays,
While music sounded loud and clear;
For Christmas came but once a year.

What though upon his hoary head
  Have fallen many a winter's snow?
His wreath is still as green and red
  As 'twas a thousand years ago.
For what has he to do with care?
His wassail-bowl and old arm-chair
Are ever standing ready there,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

No marvel Christmas lives so long,
  He never knew but merry hours,
His nights were spent with mirth and song,
  In happy homes and princely bowers;
Was greeted both by serf and lord,
And seated at the festal board;
While every voice cried "Welcome here,
Old Christmas comes but once a year."

For those old times are dead and gone,
  And those who hail'd them pass'd away,
Yet still there lingers many a one
  To welcome in old Christmas Day.
The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor think not of his debt;
But as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it was Christmas all the year.

And still around these good old times
  We hang like friends full loth to part;
We listen to the simple rhymes
  Which somehow sink into the heart,
"Half musical, half melancholy,"
Like childish tears that still are holy,
A masquer's face dimm'd with a tear,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

At early day the youthful voice,
  Heard singing on from door to door,
Makes the responding heart rejoice,
  To know the children of the poor

For once are happy all day long;
We smile and listen to their song,
The burthen still remote or near,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

Upon a gayer, happier scene
Never did holly berries peer,
Or ivy throw its trailing green
On brighter forms than there are here,
Nor Christmas, in his old arm-chair,
Smile upon lips and brows more fair:
Then let us sing amid our cheer,
"Old Christmas comes but once a year."

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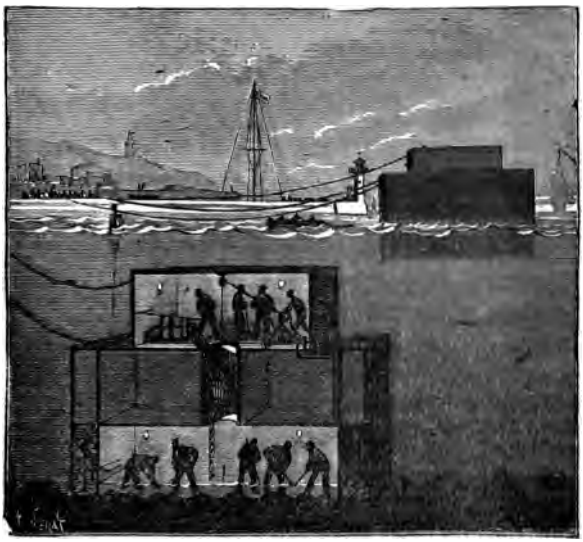
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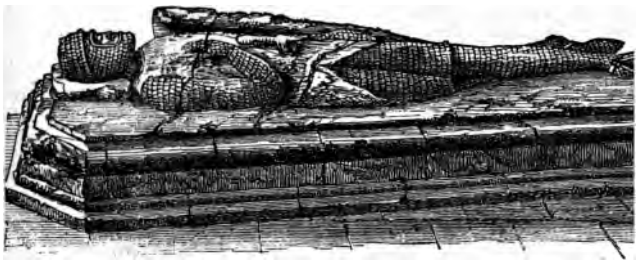
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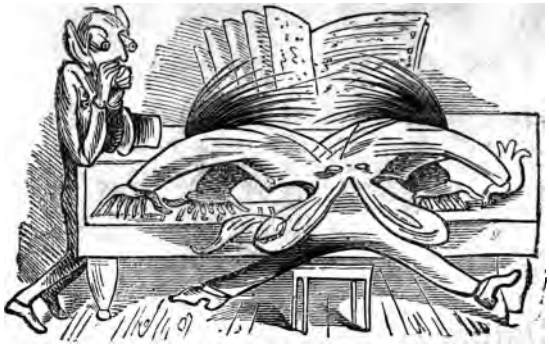
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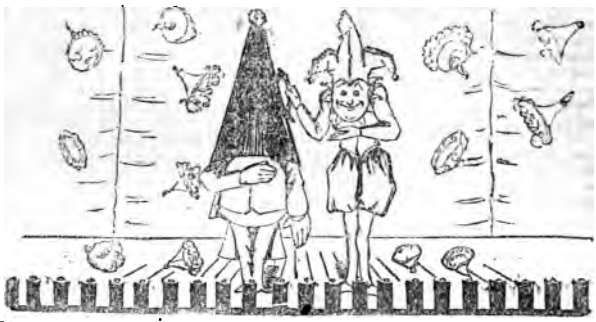
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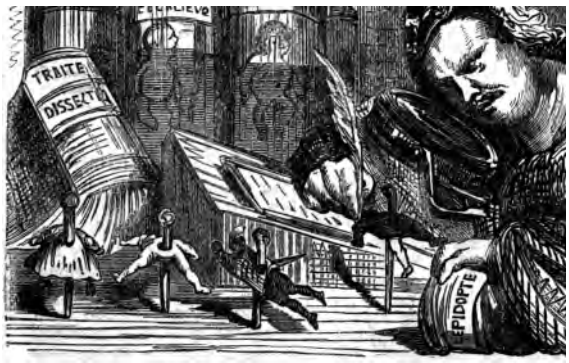
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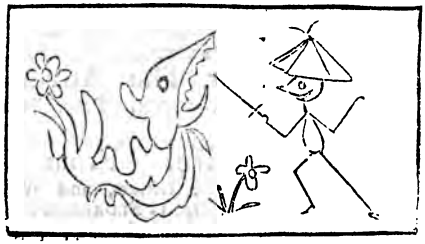
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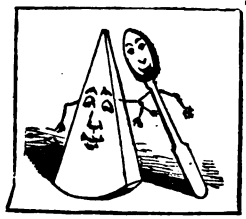
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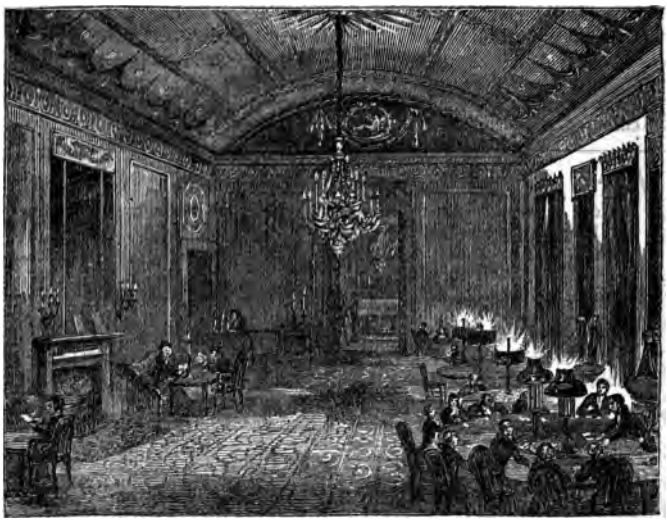
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